

*Rhyming
Snapshots
of an
Idle
Fellow*

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C. E.
SELWYN

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Idle Fellow*



THE AUTHOR

C. H. W. H. H. H.

Rhyming Snapshots
of an Idle Fellow

CECIL E. SELWYN

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DEDICATION

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORIES OF MY GREAT UNCLE,
SIR CHARLES SELWYN,
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE,
AND THE MURDERED CHICAGO SCHOOLBOY,
ROBERT FRANKS.

Now watch ye well, Columbia!
Let not wealth stern justice thwart.
See that this crime, unparalleled,
Meets the penalty it ought.
For if now are found twelve jurymen
Who these murderers acquit,
Finding cleverness insanity
And talent want of wit,
Then perchance Chicago city,
Condoning such a crime,
Shall again be scourged by fire
Worse than that of older time.

Winnipeg, June 18th, 1924.

PREFACE

BY SIR HUGH JOHN MACDONALD

WHEN my old friend, Mr. Cecil E. Selwyn, asked me to write the preface to a small volume of poems which he is about to publish under the title of "Rhyming Snapshots of an Idle Fellow," my first impulse was to refuse to do so, as I had never attempted anything of the kind and was painfully aware that I was incompetent to play the part of a critic; but when I remembered the friendship between us that had existed for many years and the intimacy between his distinguished father and mine, which continued, not only unbroken but unclouded, to the end, I felt it would be ungracious to do so, and that the only course open to me, unless I wished to prove myself a churl, was to comply with his request.

It seems fitting that Mr. Selwyn should be the author of poems that smack of the Prairies and the Foothills, as these do, for the portion of our young Dominion which lies between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains was almost as unknown as Central Africa to the average Canadian when he first settled in it, and as he has resided in Western Canada ever since, he has experienced all the vicissitudes that one who decides to make his

home in a new country must expect, has passed through at least two booms, and has seen very hard times, and yet has never lost heart or confidence in the future of the country; nor is this to be wondered at, as he comes of a family noted for its loyalty to its country, the members of which were always ready to serve it and always showed consummate ability in doing so.

He is the son of the late A. R. C. Selwyn, F.R.S., F.G.S., L.D.D., C.M.G., etc., who for many years was the head of the Victorian Geological Survey in Australia, and who subsequently succeeded the late Sir William Logan as Director of the Canadian Geological Survey. His reputation as a geologist was by no means confined to Canada or even to the American Continent. Two of Mr. Selwyn's uncles were admirals in the British Navy and served under the Union Jack in almost every part of the globe, while a cousin was the missionary bishop to New Zealand who was so well known in clerical circles.

What strikes me most, and what I think will strike the reader of these "Rhyming Snapshots," is their thorough truthfulness in describing life on the Prairie in the early days when the lordly buffalo had not quite disappeared from the plains and when the ranch, with its tens of thousands of cattle and the romantic cowboy, were coming into existence in Canada.

Next to this I was most impressed by the author's love of Nature, and his admiration for her work, whether the result of her labour showed itself in the modest daisy, the beauti-

ful rose, or the brawling brook, and his desire to give in his verses a true description of our glorious West.

This little book ought to appeal powerfully to all old timers, and to find a place in their libraries, for it will recall memories of long ago when they were young and when what are now the Prairie Provinces formed the Great Lone Land and simply teemed with game of every description, and they will find on reading it that it breathes the spirit of the West and brings back to their memories stirring incidents of the early days which they had almost forgotten.

The tone of this work is all that could be desired, for the standards which the author sets up are high, and his ideals are lofty.

Hugh J. Macdonald

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INTRODUCTION

TO PROFESSOR JOHN MACOUN

LOVE and War—the bird, and the brook!
These, and more, you will find in this
book—

In bright sunshine or stormy weather,
Thro' long years gathered together.
The metres are rude
And the rhymes very crude;
Perchance little doubt
You'd be better without
Such faulty poetical measure—
Yet you say you have pleasure—
That you find in these covers
Rhymes different from others!

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AN ANGEL

I HEAR you speak of an angel.
Now, what may an angel be?
Is it the scent of the rose, Mother,
On the south wind over the lea?
An angel! An angel!
Now tell what it is, to me,
The hue of the butterfly's wing,
Dear Mother?
Or the shine in shells of the sea?

'Tis the soul to its Maker
Gone home, my boy;
Something you cannot see.
'Tis what you will be—
Fighting for right
And dying a conqueror—thee!

TO MY UNKNOWN CHUM

I SPEAK to him of writing verse,
Then he of Omar Khayyam.
Oh! friend, perverse and worse,
My words are only eggs and ham
And Omar's strawberries and cream.
"What did the hand then
Of the potter shake."
And did he ever—dream
That I could make
Words such as those!
But I have got a friend
Who is a cook, and knows;

And he says eggs and ham, distend
His stomach better than
The strawberries and cream.
But then—he only is a cook!
And perchance, ne'er, e'en in a dream—
Of Omar, read the book!
E'er since the world began
Comparisons were odious;
I feel a shamed man
Had better burn
These words I tho't melodious,
And to another occupation turn.

THE MAIL CARRIER

MY NERVES with the keen cold
Seem twisted on a rack;
And woo-wow-wow-woung!
Howls the wild wolf pack.
There—'cross the lake
The grey devils come;
If they should gobble me
'Twill be an ending rum
To an aimless life.
I'll load my little gun,
And ere ends this world's strife
I'll have some fun.
Gee-Willikens! But that's
A fiendish yell!
I wonder if I'll go
To Heaven or Hell.
They're close enough—
I think I'll shoot.

I've hit! They're eating him!
It's time to scoot.
The camp is five miles off.
To-night the road seems long,
And there again, close in,
Begins the howling song.
Wish I was there! A letter here
From Billy's girl,
Felt soft—the mail clerk said!
Perhaps holds a keepsake curl.
I thought maybe this week,
That Milly would have wrote;
But she's forgot and hasn't sent
The meanest little note.

But, hang it all! perhaps
I don't deserve she should.
Great Scott! What's that thing
Leaping in the wood!
They're here again, the brutes!
Full fifty strong they come.
My days have run
To their allotted sum.
I see their moonlit eyes,
And cruel, gleaming teeth;
My bones shall never lie
Their mother earth beneath.
I shall be torn limb from limb,
I'll shoot and end at once life's scroll.
Oh, Christ!—Take pity
On my sinful soul!
Next morn they found—not him—
Only a letter—and a hand—
Left like a warning
By the wolf-pack band.

THE HOOSIER PREACHER

NOW I AIN'T a feller ter raise no fuss,
But I don't think rhymsters ort ter cuss.
Our Saviour, ere he drank the gall,
Said we uns shouldn't say swear words at all.
Ef but 'twas only sometime said
Ter sorter ease a riled up head,
Jus' like a flashin' snappy spark
Comin' from puffin' engine in the dark,
An' then right quick fergotten
An' swep' frum out one's mind, like suthin'
rotten,
Or mebbe on one's knees at night wanted
forgiven—
Why, then, ef 'twan't too bad, one might be
shriven.
But when et's careful written down,
An' cleverly—not by no clown—
Then circulated, wide, in printed book,
I'd fear that in some other place on fire I'd
cook
An' suffer—mebbe, down in hell,
Because sech words, fer vanity, I chose ter
tell.
Not s'many days ago, I looked upon a page
Within a vollum tho't to be—more than sage—
Suthin' about green grass an' a gate leg table—
Repeat the words! My tongue—well, et's not
able.
'Case that a ravin' lunatic his Maker curst—
She, bein' sane, repeatin' et, is far the worst.
These new uplifted wimmen ter me seems
strange,
I vum their brains they needs ter rearrange.

Sech blasphemy might bring stern retribution
Upon the hull of a consentin' nation,
An' earthquakes swaller up an' yawn
Fer them ez Heaven's commandments so did
scorn.

OPEN SPACES

THIS is just a song
Of the open spaces,
Far away from humans
And dwelling places.
Here the grizzly shows
White fangs, and growls,
While the buffalo wolf
In loneliness howls;
Where rattlesnakes
Twist over drifting sands,
And black buzzards
Float in wide, circling bands.
From the clouds bald eagles
Swans cruelly snatch,
And nesting sage hens
In the mesquite hatch;
The shy turkey-hen
Raises her downy chicks,
In spite of the coyote's
Cleverest tricks;
And wild stallions watch
With their heads held high,
Unbridled and free,
'Neath the desert sky.

BRUIN

MONG the Saskatoon's blue bunches,
High on the steep hillside,
You may find old Bruin prowling
With wide paws and shaggy hide.
If you haven't got a rifle
You had better stroll away—
He might like a change of diet
This fine, warm July day!
When his berries he has gobbled
He'll go wallow in the mud,
And, by the marsh-side sleeping
He won't hunger for your blood;
But, if your brain is itching,
Stung with the hunting "bug,"
You'll have to take your chances
To feel his wrathful hug!

DOGIES, LIE DOWN!

(Air: "My Bonnie.")

NOW, DOGIES, lie down on the prairie!
Now, dogies, lie still in the dew!
To keep you from stampedin' madly
This ditty we're warblin' to you.
We're a-takin' you into grass plenty
With no bulldogs to sting you at all;
We'll give you a drink at the coulee—
So you've no call to get up an' bawl.
No call! No call!
Dogies lie down! Dogies lie down!
You've no call to get up an' bawl.

So dogies, stay still on the prairie;
So dogies, stay still in the dew;
We're drivin' you 'long the Missouri
Where your grandmothers went before you.
Missouri trail—hoof and tail—
Dogies, lie still on the prairie,
You've a long way to go for sale.
So dogies, lie down by the coulee.
Keep still! Keep still!
Dogies, lie down! Dogies lie down!
Keep quiet, my dogies, for me.

SORT O' LOAFIN'

WATCHING folks passing by so fleet,
I'm sort o' loafin' slowly
'Long the brightly lighted street,
Watching! Watching always!
For the one sweet girl I want to meet.
Now, hurry up an' come, Sweet-Heart,
I'm tired o' waiting—waiting—
O stupid tongue!
What can you say to greet?
You mustn't tell—how long I've been
Just a-loafin' in the street.
The golden hair of her!
It ripples like a rivulet;
Her eyes, they are blue
As the spring violet;
Her smile is sweet as the honey
Golden-belted bees are gathering in,
When backwards and forwards,
To and from the hive they hum.

No wonder I want to be loafing,
Just a-waiting for her to come;
Sort o' loafin'—down the street—
Going slow—with lazy feet—
Watching girls with faces sweet,
Wondering if she'll come—
That one—I want to meet!

NICKELS AND TEN SPOTS

SHE STOOD where they passed, at the corner,
Her hands filled with emblems red,
And she gathered their doles of silver
For the wives of our soldier-dead;
Dead and buried in distant Flanders,
Where the crosses stand white in a row,
Or torn up by flying "whizz-bangs"
To lie where man never may know.
And some, they gave her a nickel,
While others they gave her a quarter,
And thought they had done sufficient
For the warriors over the water;
But, as he opened his wallet,
Stepped to her a tall, smiling fellow,
Who, discarding the greenbacks and quarters
Selected a bill that showed yellow.
The Daughter of Charity smiled,
"I haven't the change," said she;
But, still offering the ten-spot—
"Don't want any change," quoth he.
Then he went on his way with a whistle,
No red poppy his ulster to grace,
And then perchance a chum's spirit
Smiled, up in the heavenly place.

COPPER-HEAD MICK

NOW, MICKEY MALLOY
Was created a scamp,
Since ever he stared
At the midwife's lamp!
And soon, as he grew
To a three-foot boy,
Why, stealing just seemed
His only joy.
A lean little rascal—
Years only ten—
Doing his time
In reformatory pen;
With the teeth of a ferret
And eyes of a snake,
Hair red as the palette
Of Nature could make.
Grim tales he heard
Of the distant West,
And a cowboy's trade—
It seemed the best;
So, beneath a freight
He stole away,
Risking his neck,
On a rainy day.
And he landed
Down in Cody City,
With heart as hard
As his eyes were gritty.

There, out on a ranch,
He learned to ride,
And could stick on a bronk
At swiftest stride;

He could bulldog a steer
And brand a calf,
While of tricks at cards
He knew more than half.
Of his devious ways
I need not tell—
Forsooth! They were dark
And crooked as—well—
He laughed to his chum:
“It’s dead easy, Joe,
To gather the coin
If you only know,
I can raise one steer
An’ sell my ten;
Simple as croaking
A clucking hen.”
He’d a brand of his own,
And folk thought it strange
That his bunch was so big
On the open range.
So he came to be known
By woman and man
As Copper-Head Mick,
Of the Frying Pan.
Three strokes and a circle,
And there’s the brand,
As plain as the fingers
Upon your hand;
Punched in the ear
And burnt on the flank,
Quite easy to recognize—
Fat or lank.
Now, the country round
Heard tales of loss,
But never a thief
They came across.

Said Monty Brown,
Of the Double P.,
"A lobo eats 'em
It seems to me;
He gobbles 'em up,
Hide, hoof and hair,
An' gets off to his den—
The dickens knows where!"
But Copper-Head Mick,
Just smiled and said:
"Aw! You make me tired,
I'm goin' to bed;
I'm short in my calves,
I know right well,
But where they're gone to
That's yet to tell;
Burnt in the hoof
I've found a cow
An' I'll find my calf
An' the thief, I vow!"

Then off to his ranch
He rode fast away,
But he wasn't at home
When dawned the day,
For that night he rode
On a broncho bay—
A thoroughbred racer,
So they say,
And whither he went
I never heard;
But from Twin Butte Town
There came the word
That a banker was shot
And his safe was blown,

While the bandit to "Nowhere"
Seemed to have flown.
Yet Mick bought stock
Without signing a cheque,
And he paid for the bunch
All in gold—by heck!
Now, Copper-Head Mick
Had riders ten,
And all of the lot
Were real evil men;
But Copper-Head let 'em
Have "hooch" a-plenty,
And for beef—why, their bellies
Need never be empty;
And as long as you treat
Your riders well,
Why—they'll risk their necks;
The world I'll tell!

But, said Rider Billy,
To the foreman tall:
"Our Copper-Head—
I don't love him at all.
I'm tired o' 'blottin' '
An' stealin' calves;
So, nex' time he sells—
We'll both go halves.
Let's shoot him up—
An' in Mexico
A posse an' sheriff
Can hardly go!
He's swift on the draw
An' quick with his knife,
But two against one
Is unequal strife!

I've watched him twist
That clicking lock—
So, jus' let's wait
Till he sells the stock!
I reckon he'll round up
Five hundred head,
An' he'll have a big wad
Of 'kale' instead."
This lengthy story—
I'll cut it short;
But Malloy of The Frying Pan
Thus at last got caught:
He lay stretched by his safe,
Dead—stiff and stark—
While the thieves rode
Swiftly thro' the dark.
So 'twould seem that
The end of Copper-Head Mick
Shows that honesty
Takes the higher trick!

THE ANZAC

I'VE WANDERED 'mong
Her dingo dogs;
I've slept among her snakes
In rough huts
Built of wattle logs;
Have lived on damper cakes—
It's no-ways very pleasant,
When a hot wind lifts the grit!
To be bitten by a bush-master
I shouldn't like a bit!

And yet there's something calls me
And I'm wanting to go back,
For out at Pig-Face Station
There'll still be wool to pack.
I seem to see white cockatoos
Drifting down—
To fields of maize!
I want to stroll
Thro' Melbourne Town,
And in her shops to gaze.

THE ANGELUS

LOOMING out of the sea fog dim,
Monuments of your hatred grim—
The ships you built
To subdue the world,
Come to your foe
With proud flags furled;
Steaming up to Scapa Flow,
Shorn of their dread
In line they go.
But what of our dead
In the sands below!
While over the waves

Your vessels go?
As day after day
The Angelus rung,
On winds of the world
Our prayers we flung,
And, like a miracle,
The answer came.
Ours is the victory—
Yours the shame!

THE BALLAD OF A CRIME

(A true story of 1882.)

ON A FROSTY morn in October,
Out here in the great North-west,
When air was mellow and leaves turned yellow,
Some threshers got up from rest.
At three awoke the fireman,
Alarm clock by his side,
And hurried across the stubbles
Where the grey coyote cried;
Low-set, strong and sinewy,
With red beard and eyes of blue,
He was a French-Canadian;
His father's name, Larue.
He'd not lain in fine linen,
Like Dives, of olden time,
Nor slept on downy eider
In this, our frosty clime;
He'd thrown himself in the straw pile,
His pillow sheaves of oats,
And all his scanty covering
Two shaggy goat skin coats.
Their odor was hardly lavender,
Nor were they lined with silk,
But dainty ways ne'er were hereditary
In any man of his ilk.
Perhaps he dreamt of his mother
As the cold struck up from the ground—
But, more likely he thought of euchre,
Turning sleepily 'round.

He knows that the boss will curse him,
If steam isn't up on time;
So briskly from the wheat straw
His brogans brush the rime;

Those overalls carry patches,
That coat is ragged and old,
He searches pockets for matches
And chafes his hands in the cold.
He crams straw into the fire box,
But the frost-chilled match goes out;
So, on his knees by the engine
He blows the ashes about,
Till at last the oat-straw's flaring,
As sheaf after sheaf slides in,
And brightly the blaze is glaring
On his ruddy features thin.
Away in the Western heavens
Orion's star is setting,
But he ponders not on astronomy
As the gauge is higher getting.
At four he blows his whistle
And banks the red fire down,
Then hurries off to the farm house,
Across the furrows brown.
His mates are eating breakfast—
A not over cleanly crew;
But hoboies don't use bathtubs,
Nor, among such men, would you!
A tall, gaunt man is the "feeder,"
With sinews like twisted steel,
And a mouth that grins like a badger's
As he bolts his morning meal.

Those eyes glare as the tiger's
When it springs upon its prey,
And, beginning his breakfast,
He never a grace doth say.
His hands are rough and dirty,
Like the paws of a grizzly bear,

And he uses his ugly fingers
The tough beef-steak to tear.
His crew are of all nations—
Galician—negro—Russ—
Mostly the scum of creation,
With ways unknown to us;
But, down at the foot of the table
Sits a lad with a face like the Christ,
Who to eat seems hardly able,
E'en were his food high priced;
His hair is like soft tassels
Wound about the ripe corn;
His eyes are as the azure
Of a blue day newly born;
Supple as willow sapling,
Slim as a waving reed—
Verily, from those about him
He comes of a different breed.
For his smile plays like the ripple
That flutters a still pond
When gentle Southern breezes
Stir the rushes beyond,
And with his golden curls
Above a forehead white,
'Mongst the coarse faces round him
His glows like a star in the night.

But the whistle screams for working,
As red comes up the sun;
So the men have finished eating
And passed out, one by one.
Yet the lad heeds not their footsteps,
Nor the thrill calling scream,
But sits with drooping eyelids
As if he were lost in a dream.

When in comes the French fireman—
That hearty boy, Larue—
With cheeks just like red apples,
An' blue eyes, sincere and true.
"Com' tell me now, brave garcon,
Why seet you lak' you seek?
You savez Ezra plaintee scol'
Eef you not be so queek!
My steam she's jus' a-hummin'
And cylinders she's growl,
You bes' com' bien vitement
Or else he raise big howl.
Now, tak' you good sharp seeckle
Fool Swede pitch on yon table,
An' he trow ver' mooch careless
So work de bes' you able.
An' no cut da feeder's hand,
For wen he angry he's mal bete.
Now, if you run ver' queekly
No need you be ver' late."
The boy takes up the sickle's thong
And binds it on his wrist,
Then bounds away o'er stubbles long,
Thro' the white morning mist.

He climbs up on to his band stand
By the swiftly flying belt;
Little his mother knew his fate
As that morn in prayer she knelt!
And my heart seems to shiver
As I try now to tell
Of the horrible fate
Which that day befell,
As the wheaten sheaves
From the pitchforks flew,

And o'er yellow stubbles
Soft south winds blew
That morn on Dakota's prairie,
When, o'er twisted sheaf
The bright sickle gleams,
And from evil hand
The red blood down streams;
The boy turns pale, as the feeder swears,
And in malice grins, with wicked sneer,
When he calls with an oath
To the stout engineer:
"Now! Crowd on your steam,
Jus' all that you got;
This pesky wheat
Is heavy as shot."
The big engine shakes
As the hot fire flares,
The cylinder empties—
Still he stands and stares;
The greedy steel teeth
Are whistling around
Like a fierce wild boar's
That cleave forest ground.

Dear God!
Forgive the sickening truth.
He turns and seizes
That delicate youth—
With a horrible curse
He swings him up high,
In those whirring steel teeth
To be rent, and die!
That Christ-like head,
To the cylinder brought.

Like a flashing thought
The grim murder's wrought!
The threshers stand silent
In frightened surprise;
When—"Scelerat bete!"
The Canadian cries.
"Swing up yo' carriers
Ver' mooch higher!
This man, no good,
Judge Lynch, fine 'squire!"
There's a rough Montana cowboy
Who not one word has said,
But in his sinewy fingers
He coils a lasso's thread;
The murderer glares all round him,
Like a big black wolf at bay
When the gaunt, angry staghounds
Have chased him all the day.

There are knives, pitchforks, revolvers—
He knows he dare not move,
So he trails his nervous fingers
In the table's blood-stained groove.
They drag him to the carriers
Befouled with human gore,
And, as they swing him upwards
The heavens with thunder roar;
So it seemed as if the God above
Were angry with the earth
When on that October morning
This awful crime had birth.

MY HEARTSEASE

WITHIN my garden small,
Rosemary, violets and rue,
With larkspur, brightest blue,
And hollyhocks,
Old-fashioned—tall—
'Mong purple phlox
Against the wall;
Sweet-scented stocks,
Lilies and lad's-love;
Quaint foxes' glove,
My Lady's bed-straw,
Frail, delicate and white.
Roses, reddest e'er you saw!
All these my soul delight,
Within my garden small.
Oh, yes! No doubt, a common set!
Among the lot, no hot-house pet!
My heartsease—best of all.

BANANAS

IN FAIR California
Towers high the redwood tall;
Among Australian gum trees
Rings clear the coo-ee call;
On ocean bound Hawaii
Waves the graceful cocoa palm,
While in good old England
The oak stands, stout and calm.

In South Carolina
The sweet white magnolia blows;
And I've been in Araby
Where the sticky date grows;
In breezy Manitoba
There are groves of poplar green;
Down in Nova Scotia
The apple bloom is seen.

But oh, you little banana peel!
From under my heel
You gently steal—
And throw me down!
When I chew your fruit—
I look like a clown!
But of all the trees
That most please me,
'Tis the little old banana tree.
Hula Hickie—Hula Hee—
My Western Isle banana tree!

DAFFODILS

THERE'S a carpet o' daffodils
Now in the wood;
The sunshine and wind—
Shure, 'twill do your health good!
Two magpies are building
A nest up above—
For e'en unto magpies
Comes little boy Love.
An' the daffodil gold
Springing out o' the mould,
Has ever brought smiles
To the young an' the ould.

Arrah! Put up your "specs"!
Just lay down that book.
Come—learn how to laugh
From the birds and the brook!

THE BROOK

SOMEBODY made you say
That you went on for ever;
But it seems to me to-day,
In this January weather,
That you, twisting like a crook,
Are entirely frozen solid.
I don't hear you babble, Mr. Brook,
King Frost has put on you a lid
That's gone clear away down,
Right to your bottom rock;
And I'll tell the folks in town
That, like grandfather's clock,
You have come to a stop,
And there certainly won't any more
Move your smallest little drop,
Till the wild geese come with the thaw.

THE SONG OF THE BELLS

CATHEDRAL bells! Cathedral bells!
How sweet the tale your music tells.
It calls to prayer, this Sabbath fair,
Sounding so gladly thro' the summer air.
Chiming bells! Chiming bells!
A heavenly tale your music tells.

Wedding bells! Wedding bells!
A story old your music tells;
Joining now man and maid
So that sweet love may never fade.
Pealing bells! Pealing bells!
Of happiness your music tells.

Funeral bells! Funeral bells!
Ringing so sadly a life's last knells.
"As the tree falls—so must it lie";
"As the man lives—so will he die";
Tolling bells! Tolling bells!
That life is short your music tells.

THE GOSHAWK

HIGH on the rampike waiting,
Of grim murder cogitating—
Downy rabbit—mallard duck—
Fuzzy, fat woodchuck—
Blue homing pigeon—
Swift-winged widgeon—
You robber hawk!
With strident squawk,
I've seen you slay a dozen
When you could but eat the one!
Like a bullet the sky cleaving
With speed nigh past believing,
A feathered arrow from space,
Feared in each woodland place;
Your only joy—with claws and bill
To lacerate and cruelly kill!

THE LYNCHING OF DICK HILLIARD

THIS is a tale from Idaho;
You may take it for its worth;
'Cause chaps—at times they lie, you know,
An' allus will on earth!
But I think Bill Smith was truthful,
As sech fellers mos'ly be,
An' he tol' me in Montana
That this thing he did see.
"There come two cusses from Canada
An' smart looking boys they were—
One, dark as a Spaniard,
And t'other with yellow hair,
Gleamin' bright as Klondyke nuggets,
When they rode in the settin' sun;
An' come to ol' Jack Harris' ranch,
Just as the work was done;
An' they were drivin' yearlin's—
Quite a sizable band,
The dogies bein' mos'ly heifers
Wot didn't carry no brand.
They'd a yaller collie along wi' 'em,
Cute as a dozen o' men,
An' when the bunch went crooked
They did nothing but jus' call 'Ben.'
They sho'ly looked honest an' han'some—
Settin' their bronchos straight—
But yet, the tongue o' the dark chap
Had a sort uv ugly grate,
As tho' he thought that honesty
Was neither good ner sweet,
An' the rest uv his feller mortals
Jus' like mud beneath his feet.

But the fair coon—he was pleasanter,
 A sort o' laugh in his voice,
 An' didn't indulge in no cuss words—
 At least, not jus' from choice!
 He called the dark man Dick Hilliard
 An' himself, his brother Eugene;
 As much like Cain an' Abel
 As ever on earth wuz seen.
 Dick Hilliard seemed in a hurry
 An' wouldn't stay fer 'chuck.'
 Ol' gran'ma Harris squints at the calves
 An' grunts 'rustled or my drake's a duck',
 But, let a man mind his own bizness,
 Wy, that's our golden rule,
 An' Harris said 'twas drilled inter him
 Sence he wuz a kid at school.
 So, wen askin' 'em inter supper
 They said as they wouldn't stop,
 He held his tongue in civility
 An' jus' let the matter drop.
 The bunch jus' seemed a bit weary
 But mosquitoes hadn't come,
 So they passed right on in the moonlight
 With only the pup fer chum.
 But nex' mornin' wen come ridin'
 Just about a dozen o' men,
 An' ahead o' 'em black Bill Logan,
 The foreman at Angel's Pen,
 Then we knew wot wuz the matter
 An' wot they'd come about,
 As well as yer know that spring has come
 When yer hear the white cranes shout.
 'Jus' wait till I catch Dick Hilliard,
 The mizerbul low-lived thief—
 He'll see, dog-gone it, with a hole in his head,
 How to rustle a woman's beef.'

'Twas this way spoke Bill Logan
An' tol' how frum Angel's Ranch
They'd driven that bunch of heifers
Belongin' to Amy and Blanche.
'Ye see, our work, it run behind
Wen ol' man Angel died,
An' we've never a scratch o' brandin'
On nary yearlin's hide.
So these two Canadian "rustlers"
They caught right on ter that,
An's driving our beasts ter the boundary
With a trail as black as a hat.'
They passed right on in the mornin' sun
An' we uns follered along,
Fer ye see we wuz sorter curus
Ter hear the end o' the song.
An' comin' about eleven
Wy we see the thieves wuz beat,
Fer we come on the bunch o' dogies
A-lyin' in the noon-day heat.
An' wen we glimpsed a curlin' smoke
Away by the cottonwood bluffs,
Wy then we savez'd fer certain
That we had caught the toughs;
They wuz jus' a-climbin' their bronchos
Wen they saw we'd won the race,
An' if ever ye see an ugly scowl
It come on Dick Hilliard's face.

"He gave a snarl like a wolf at bay
An' his gun came quickly up,
But Black Bill's aim wuz twice ez quick
An' smash went life's golden cup.
His body canted downwards
O'er the black broncho's neck,

An' it galloped off to the northward
With never a rider to check.
An' the collie dog come
With its snow white chest
An' pitiful whined
On the blood stained breast;
Then it raised itself up
With a drawn out howl,
An' wen we wuz come near
Showed its teeth with a growl.
Eugene leaped down from his pony
An' gave a moanin' cry,
Mos' like to a new-calved heifer
When the timber wolf comes nigh.
An' onto his forehead an' in his eyes
Come a troubled look o' pain;
When here wuz a snow white broncho,
Swift boundin' over the plain—
A woman wuz its rider
An' it come with a leapin' stride,
We wondrin' wy in sech a haste
Toward us she did ride.
Wen among us come Amy Angel,
An' out right plain spoke she:
'I reckon, Bill Logan, those beasts are mine,
And I told you this should not be;
If I've got what Eugene Hilliard wants,
Why then, it's his, you see!
And if that will stop this lynching
He can e'en be married to me.'
An' she looked at Bill like a wild-cat does
Wen you be stealin' her young,
An' back from her shapely shoulders
Her touzled hair she flung;

But then she looked some bashful,
An' a blush come to her cheek
As she bent down on the broncho
Which with sweat an' foam did reek.
An' Hilliard stared straight at her
While a smile played roun' his mouth
Soft as the Chinook breezes
Wen the geese flies from the south.
'I take you up, Miss Amy,'
An' he waved his soft slouch hat;
'I'll make you a right good husband;
These men may be sure o' that.'
But then she saw Dick Hilliard's corpse
An' fainted dead away,
While Eugene in the grass beside her
Knelt and kissed her where she lay.
Bill Logan rode off sheepish,
Like a sneakin' panther cat,
An' we jus' took the dead man
Where she seen no more o' that.
The cowboys turned their cayuses
An' follered Black Bill away
While the sinkin' sun in the west
Began to paint colors gay.
Eugene, I reckon, felt happy
As he sot with her head on his knee,
An' I bet yew a han'somer couple
All your days yew never did see.
I brung him a flask o' water,
From a creek wot run near by;
An' the rest o' you cowboy fellers
To beat my story, kin try!"

WHEN MEMORY SMILES

WHAT matter ten thousand miles,
When memory smiles?
When I remember you—
Your golden hair and eyes so blue!
Swifter than fleetest steed may race,
Or rushing plane cleave space—
I kiss your face!
Before the ocean greyhound land—
Clasp your loved hand!
So, tho' Dear Heart, you see me not—
Remember, Love! Forget me not!
Ten thousand miles of ice and snow
Could never we twain part! Oh, no!
For distance tires ne'er the soul;
And e'en for you
Sad funeral bells should toll—
You'd be my angel—who were my bride—
And come to me over memory's tide.

WHERE REED-BIRD SWINGS

HERE where the Reed-Bird swings,
And the small brown wren
Sweetly sings,
Spotted wild ducks
Build hidden nests,
Plucking soft feathers
From mottled breasts
To bring to life
Their downy little ones,
Among the twining weeds
And water worn stones,
Where Reed-bird swings.

Here where the Reed-Bird swings,
And Balm of Gilead
Shadow flings,
In dreamy ease
I love to lie
Watching little fish
Thro' shallows hie;
While bright water,
Trickling o'er the pebbles,
Plays to me sleepy tunes
In fluty trebles,
Where Reed-Bird swings.

WILLOW BUSH

WILLOW bush! Willow bush!
Loved of the thrush,
Robed in golden bloom
Woven in fairy loom;
The weavers are belted bees
Sailing over the trees,
Buzzing, buzzing, from spray to spray,
Floating back to the hive away,
Borne on zephyrs fleet,
Laden with honey sweet.
The woof has a golden thread
Like the quill of woodpecker fled
From the hole in the old oak tree—
Thy secret prythee tell me!
The web is amber honey
Woven when skies are sunny.
But who built the fairy loom?
Whence comes thy golden bloom?
Willow bush answers never a word.

Perchance! Perchance!
She is telling the thrush.
Willow—willow—loved of the thrush,
Answerest never a word?
Ah yes! To the soul of the bird!
My lover, the thrush—he heard!

THE SUN DIAL

ALONE in the garden
The sun-dial stands,
Endlessly counting
Of time the sands.
Where the starling comes
To the gravel walks,
And in speckled plumage
Chatters and talks
Of its nest in the belfry,
With eggs of blue,
And tells to the dial
What it can't tell you—
Yes, quite doubtless,
The dial understands
As it keeps on counting
Of time the sands.
For, built by a monk
In the long ago,
Of divers things
It has come to know;
So when best to plant
And how best to brew,
The sun-dial knoweth
Much better than you.

THE ISLAND

ASHADY river island
Where the stream is fleet,
And bird and bee and flower,
'Neath the basswood sweet
Blossoming in its fragrance,
Make a picture-prize
Bespangled over
With blue butterflies.
Beside its ready edges
The lady's slipper nods,
And water lilies float
Like fairy ships for elfin gods.
Here come the sedate heron
And the burrowing mole;
Upon the smooth white sand
Sleek otters roll,
Or gambol on the pebbles
Full-fed with the great pike
Snatched craftily
From the meadow-dyke,
Where the scaled robber
In the sunlight slept,
With every mandate
Not to steal, unkept.
Upon the bulrush stems
The red-winged reed-bird swings,
And brilliant dragonflies,
On gauzy wings,
Flutter bright and blue
Like rare gems, in the sun,
'Till it sinks slowly in the mist—
And day is done.

IN FAIRYLAND

HERE seems to be
The realm of elfin kings.
Fairy thistle down
The south wind brings;
Green willows
Sway and wave,
And yellow sunflowers,
Like soldiers brave,
In golden glory
Together stand—
A flower army
In the meadow-land.
'Mong water weeds
The jack-fish lies,
While float above him
Gauze-wing dragon-flies;
And touch-me-nots
In orange beauty quiver,
Standing, like maidens shy,
Beside the river.
The red-tailed hawk
Floats 'round the sky,
While all about
Fleet swallows fly;
High up in air
An eagle swoops and sails—
The feathered tyrant
Of the green dales.
So, with blue butterflies
Fluttering round me,
An elfin realm,
It seems to be.

THE COVE

HERE green waves towering high,
Curling, foam-crested,
Under a cold grey sky,
More cruel than e'er swimmer breasted;
Breaking—upon a rock-bound shore;
Thunder—as sullen lions roar;
And greedy gulls from lofty cliff
Circle above a drowned man,
Cold—and stiff,
Coming home again.
Such things do come to pass!
To meet their welcome from the main,
Across the bay his sweetheart
Watches—in vain—alas!

THE DAGO

THERE'S a tavern by the jetty
Where wops eat their spaghetti,
And a dago girl
Is dancing for the boys,
While tambourine
An' fiddle make a noise.
To the jetty comes a ship
Homebound, plunging on the tide,
With a sailor lad
A-looking for a bride.
He entered many a port,
And in every one he tried—
But Lady Luck turned him down,
Till, in old Vancouver town,
Sweetheart of Italian youth,
He kissed the dancing dago brown.

THE RIVER

TRICKLING, trickling o'er white sand,
Passing thro' the hilly land,
Fed by streamlet and by brook,
Twisting like a shepherd's crook;
Dancing onward in the sun
Where the ring-neck plovers run;
Pine logs drifting down the fall
Hewn from out the forest tall;
Going gliding swiftly by
Where the crow's black nestlings cry;
Eddying by the wooded hills,
Rushing, boiling, past the mills,
Wide rafts carrying ever down
Bound toward the distant town;
Surging wildly 'neath the bridge,
Past orchard, farm and corn-clad ridge;
To ocean rolling e'er along,
Now foam crested, wide and strong.

THE HOBO

WITH his lazy feet
And his thirsty mouth,
In the month of September
He comes from the south,
Looking for work
And not wanting to get it;
A vagabond he
With very bad credit.
He chews and he spits,
He curses and drinks,
About his next lodging
But little he thinks.

He'll work if you watch him—
He'll sleep if you don't,
For to willingly labor,
He never was wont.
His speech, it is filthy,
His oaths—they are black;
He's the scummiest scum
Of the Pariah Pack.
But give him a chance,
For, like you, he'd a Mother;
Remember he's human—
A man and a brother.

TO A CARRIER PIGEON

O SWIFT-WINGED bird,
The ether cleaving,
Behind you trains
And autos leaving;
Fields and cities
Up above,
Flying fast
To the home you love.
High in the air
O'er waving corn,
Gliding on,
This radiant morn.
Now may no hawk
Or rifle mar
The message, that
You carry far.
So, than express train
Speeding better,
Here's that you safely
Deliver your letter.

THE WOP

JACK SHEWEZEZYN came from Galicia—
The trainmen called him a Wop—
And in all the blood of his body
There was never a British drop.
When the boys on the road would guy him,
He'd only stolidly grin;
But always he kept his job, sir,
For of boozing he hadn't the sin.
That job was just a switchman's
Beside the C. P. R. track,
Watching for gleaming headlights
Rushing out of the midnight black,
Or else in blazing sunshine
Guarding the swift express;
And much as I regret it
I haven't now got his address—
I reckon it's somewhere in Heaven,
On account of what he did—
Getting smashed to pieces himself, sir,
To save a yellow-haired kid
Playing in the road-bed,
Blue eyes and curly hair—
So now Jack's under the daisies—
An'—somehow it doesn't seem fair!

THE WEST LAND

DOWN the canyon
The galloping mustangs;
The grizzly on the cliff,
With gleaming fangs;
Black buzzards in the air
Above me sailing;

A squaw to her camp fire
Dry wood trailing;
In the wide corral
The milling cattle;
A snake among the stones—
About to rattle;
The cowboy with his spurs
And bucking broncho;
On the sand
The bones of a buffalo;
Pictures gone from me
Altogether,
Like the flocking of the wild pigeons,
For ever.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY

DEAR fragile flowers,
Clothed in white,
Whose fragrant hearts
With odors fill the night,
I love you—for you take me back
Long years beyond,
To where I played
Beside a mother fond.
You were her favourite flower;
For she said
You had the power
To recall the dead,
In whose frail hands
She oft had placed you—
When their sweet souls
Had passed beyond the blue.

AMOR OMNIA VINCIT

LOVE conquers all things,
Some old Roman said
Who now for centuries
Has rested 'mong the dead.
Come, prythee, tell me,
Was he right or wrong,
Who joined this sweet refrain
To Cupid's ancient song?
For I love Polly
And I'd like to know
Why she surrenders not
To Boy-God's twanging bow;
I've bought chocolates
And sent her flowers,
And in the moonlight pale
I've woo'd her—yes, for hours;
And yet Polly tells me
That she loves me not!
So—Amor Omnia's
Psychologic rot!

THE MOON

HO! THE silver Moon
Is a wanton witch;
Smiling from sky so cold.
She has knitted for men,
Both poor and rich,
A net, since the days of old.
The little Boy-God
From her chariot fair
Doth shoot sharp arrows down.

The web of her net
Is of maiden's hair;
Her needles are eyes, blue and brown.
Ho, ho! Ho, ho!
You may scoff at the witch,
And say she cannot catch you,
But I warn you her needles
Drop never a stitch;
For mercy in vain you will sue.
Some night! Some night!
In her bright light's glare,
You will feel at your heart a twitch—
Ho, ho! Was it jet black
Or golden hair
Tangled you in the net of the witch?

A POT OF GOLD

BENEATH the rainbow's end
Is a pot of gold—
So I've been told.
Prythee me a good steed lend,
And I will share with you
From under the arch's brilliant hue
The shining treasure-trove.

Now brightly shines the sun;
Gone is the rainbow!
How wilt thou go,
And to nowhere blindly run?
Out! Drive thy plow again,
And wheaten gold covering the plain
Shall be thy treasure trove.

TO AN UNFROZEN SPRING

HAIL! Limpid spring!
What fairy gave thee power
To flout the Frost-King?
Dark storm clouds lower
And bitter is the blast,
But yet o'er thy pellucid breast
No icy chain is cast.
The sun's red dogs, both East and West,
On either side stay chained;
The wolves are fierce and bold;
Yet o'er thee hath not reigned
At all the tyrant monarch—Cold.
The speckled partridge comes to drink
And struts in pride, content,
Upon thy moist soft brink.
Why doth King Frost for thee relent?
Was he indeed in olden days a King,
And thou his comely daughter?
Tell me, clear shining spring!
Whisper to me—bright water!

THE PRAIRIE SLOUGH

THE CRANE and the mallard
Nest close by its side,
And o'er its green sedges
Black sea-swallows glide;
Here, wandering northward,
Drops down the wild swan,
And grey gulls are floating
Its still pool upon.

In the grass by its edges
The blue gentian blooms
'Mong cottontails, woven
By magical looms.
Here skims the marsh hawk
In search of the frog,
And white-blossomed arrowhead
Sways about in the bog.
Here are pink petalled roses,
Blushing so fair,
Blue dragon-flies, painted
Like gems that are rare.
The grasshoppers dance
While big butterflies flit
Or, resting themselves,
In the red lilies sit.
It's kissed by the sun
And fanned by the breeze,
So surely 'twas made
Prairie children to please.

THE MUCKER

WITH crowbar, shovel,
Hammer and pick,
Where stones are heavy
And mud is thick,
All of the day,
In his dogged way,
He rolls the rock
And shovels the clay.
The rain pours down
And cold wind blows,

But steadily ever
The railway grows,
Until you ride
In a pullman car
And the stock of the road
Is over par:
While in dreary hovel
The mucker sits,
Where he blinks red eyes
And tobacco spits,
Cursing the wealthy,
Under his breath,
For a life that is next
To a living death.
But Fate is cruel!
So it had to be;
For that he came to you
Over the sea!

THE HOMELAND

CAN'T you hear the moor-fowl
To mate in heather crowing?
Can't you see the bluebells
On the hillside growing?
Can't you smell the wild rose
And fragrant meadow-sweet?
Don't you want to pluck the poppies,
Flaming scarlet 'mid the wheat?
Don't you wish to be back
To hear the old mill-wheel clack?
And wander thro' the hay fields
Away from the beaten track?

—Can't you feel the water
Of the deep swimming pool,
Softly lapping all around you
When you truant played from school?
Can't you hear the cuckoo—
Cuckoo—cuck—cuckoo, calling?
Can't you see the sunbeams
On the barn-floor falling?
Now the trout is leaping
After the fallen fly,
And to the distant rookery
The black crows glide swiftly by.
Sheep are on the upland,
Spotted kine are in the croft;
Underneath the orchard trees
Drift petals white and soft.
You are far, far away,
On distant foreign strand—
But Britain's cuckoo calls to you
By the trout-beck's yellow sand.

A BUFFALO BONE

A DRY, bleached bone
Among the grasses cast,
Decaying relic
Of a time long past,
When herds of elk and bison
Thronged the plain
And Indian hunters
Twanged not bow in vain.
Gone are those days,
For ever passed away;

Upon the knoll
The white man's children play.
Where the fierce bulls
Once bellowed, gored and trod,
Now the sharp breaking plow
Throws back the sod,
And where the teepees
By the coulee stood,
Long freight trains
Bear a nation's food.

MIKE McGUIRE

NOW, MIKE McGUIRE was a hunter bold,
And a cracking good shot was he;
So I'm going to tell you how he died
In the year of eighty-three.
For the hunting of elk is not all fun,
And any fool may know
With an angry buck and an empty gun
Your blood may be spilt in the snow.
And Mike was a careless "son-of-a-moose,"
Who lived in a shanty forlorn,
Of logs and sods, piled together as rough
As a bush-bird's nest in a thorn.
He'd got nary wife nor kid—
Only deer-dogs, one, two, three;
And of all the shacks I ever was in
'Twas the meanest I ever did see.
The quilt on the bed was a grey wolf hide;
The carpet a catamount skin;
And his only pal that ever I saw
Was a black cat, gaunt and thin.

And never a steed in his stable stood
Save a cayuse lean and old,
Which trailed his sled to the distant town,
When venison or hides he sold.
He lived alone on the mountain side,
An outcast from all mankind;
And his only aim or object in life
Was to hunt the stag and the hind.

So he went out hunting on Christmas Day,
Like a wandering hawk of the wild;
And little he recked of the goring horns,
Which the snow with his blood defiled.
For the Fates had woven a woeful web
That Christmas for Mike McGuire;
And before nightfall his broken bones
Were tramped in the snow and the mire!
And no one saw—they could only guess—
How the stag trod him down to die;
To lie in the forest a shapeless mass,
Where the wolves his dirge did cry.

THE COUNTRY BOY

I'M TIRED of Chicago's big city,
Sick of the smells and the heat,
Weary of tramping the pavement,
And the restaurant dope which I eat.
Yes, I want the downy young chickens,
And the fluffy little brown ducks,
And to hold the edge of the milk pail,
While the calf my finger sucks.

To carry oats to the horses,
And to throw the cows their hay;
Or, wandering over the prairie,
Pluck wild flowers brilliantly gay.
To see the blue homers circling
Far into the wide, clear sky,
Dazzling my eyes, while wishing
That I could fly just as high.
To ride on the clanging horse rake,
And pile the fragrant hay;
Or watch the turkey-hen stealing
To her spotted eggs hidden away.
To gather mushrooms in the morn,
And harrow the soft brown mould,
Watching the young sprouts springing up,
To bring the rich harvest gold.
Or to hoe in the potato patch,
And shock the yellow sheaves;
To find the cat-bird's fair blue eggs
'Mongst the cool green willow leaves.
To break the broncho pony,
Trap the wily wolf and mink;
Or lie bathing in the current
'Neath the swift stream's green brink.
My cheeks they are flushed and red,
My eyes are hollow and bright,
It's tired—my aching head,
And my cough's an alarm in the night.
So I long to get back to the country,
Where my knee shall be brushed by the hay,
And to see once again the old barn-yard
Where the calves and the lambs are at play.
To eat new-laid eggs for my breakfast,
To put decent cream in my tea;
To sleep as in death till the morning;
Oh! that shall be new life for me.

THE FATE OF JACK JOHNSTON

WHAT! You never heard of Jack Johnston!

Why, you are behind the times!

But then, you were off in Cuba

Fighting in distant climes.

But I'll tell you the tale as well as I can,

As it was told to me,

How out in the State of Dakota

From the sheriff Jack Johnston did flee.

'Twas a soft spring night, the air was sweet,

The ranchman's work was done;

And away, far off in the rosy west

Was fading the setting sun.

Jack Johnston sat on the barn doorstep,

Smoking a big cigar;

The wind it blew thro' his yellow moustache

And carried the scent afar.

Now Johnnie, he was a Western youth,

So brawny and strong was he,

For he'd toiled as a boy from morn till night,

And that brings muscle, you see—

So, supple and tall, blue eyed and fair,

He nothing on earth did fear;

Raised from a boy in the golden West,

As wild as a ranging steer.

So when Norman Carr stepped up to him,

And called him a liar out plain,

He rose to his feet and showed his teeth

And dared him to say it again.

Now Norman had drunk of the "tangle-foot,"

Or else he had thought some more

Ere he cast the scornful word at Jack,

Where he stood by the wide barn door.

But he said it again, with an added name,
Too foul for me to repeat—
Jack Johnston's fist it falls like a sledge,
And Norman lies at his feet.
Then, swiftly from the house near by
Comes a fair woman clothed in white,
And round the barn, and into the mow
She peers, with a lantern bright.
First Norman, then Jack, she sharply calls;
Jack answers her not a word,
But stands and stares at the man by his feet,
As though he had never heard.
She comes up close, and the lantern's gleam
Shines down on a dead man's face;
She casts herself down with a wailing cry,
And prays to her God for grace.
Jack Johnston steps in silence away,
And leaves her alone with her dead;
His face is stern, his head is bent,
His heart feels heavy as lead;
For the mark of the angry Cain of old
Seems branded in red on his brow;
And he thinks of what the Justice will say
When he hears of the murderous row.
But the bronchos are standing beside the
smudge,
So he bridles a sorrel mare;
While the woman low in the prairie dust
Dishevels her golden hair.
He steps inside the stable door
And grasps a gleaming spur—
The sorrel will wonder why to-night
So cruel he is to her.
But she'll carry him swiftly and carry him far,
And canter till she's dead lame;

Ere he gives himself to the hangman's noose,
For the slur on a mother's name.
So he fixes the saddle and tightens the cinch,
And vaults up on to her back;
While he warns the staghound to go and lie
down,
Lest it follow his fugitive track.
Then the broncho bounded over the grass,
Out into the twilight grey,
And away like a dart, past the great corral,
Where the dead man's cattle lay.
And on they go in the starlight pale,
Where the prowling coyotes bark;
Thro' meadow and coulee and deep ravine
And wooded prairie park;
Till at dawn of day they are miles away,
Down in Montana's State;
And Jack Johnston begins to think that he
Has outwitted the finger of Fate.
So little he dreams that his soul that day
Shall stand at the bar of God,
And his handsome face and manly form
Be tramped in the prairie sod.
He's crossing a ranching country,
No human being seems near;
So feeling the pangs of hunger,
Some beef he must steal, 'tis clear.
It's early in June, and young calves there are
'Mongst the cattle, wandering there;
Let a dead one be found all bleeding and
torn—
Why, then—'twas the work of a bear;
For the grizzly roams in the great ravines
Which span this prairie state,
And his ursine form and horrible claws
The ranchmen fear and hate.

But horse's hoof prints mustn't be seen,
So he tethers the mare to a bush;
And then thro' the sagebrush silvery and tall
His way begins to push.
Now he certainly knew 'twas a desperate
game
The roping a calf on foot,
Or did he prefer to be gored by beasts,
Ere a mob at his hanging should hoot.
Ah! there one lies asleep in the sun,
And no cow appears to be near—
His noose flies out and the lithe young beast
In vain doth struggle and rear.
But alas! and alas! for Jack Johnston!
It raises a bellowing moan,
And up and away from the banks of grass
Come the horns to its rescue flown.
The angry herd come surging on
With thunder of hoof and gleam of horn,
Relentless and grim as a curling wave
On raging Atlantic, tempest born!
The bulls are fierce, the cows are wild,
As Montana's cattle are;
Oh! horrors of horrors! he's crushed and torn,
And his red blood scattered afar.
The prairie flowers are stained with gore,
The grass is tampled down;
His handsome head is a thing of dread
Crushed in the prairie brown!
The calf has trailed his lasso away,
The sorrel she stands and waits;
But her rider is torn to pieces,
For the buzzards to serve as baits;
And the wide-winged harpies sailing come
Swooping down from out of the blue;

And that night the gaunt grey wolf did howl
Where the grass was red in hue.
So next day, when the sheriff came riding up,
And with him cowboys ten,
Of what they found of Jack Johnston
They don't want to find again.
They gazed a moment and rode full swift
Away from the ghastly scar;
And that was how Fate took revenge
For the killing of Norman Carr.

THISTLES AND WHISTLES

A GOLDFINCH gay
On a prickly thistle
Charms me to-day
With his sweet whistle.
Soft thistle down
That lines his nest,
Beside my fallow brown.
No doubt he loves the pest,
And for us both he whistles.
Most things have uses;
Yet, methinks, thistles
Are but abuses;
For o'er my fallow field
Their winged seeds fly,
Armies of weeds to yield
For harvest, by and by.
Yea—wheat from thistles
Comes not ever!
But goldfinch whistles
And it's sunny weather!

THE COWBOY

I A CANADIAN! Not much, sir!
You may call me a "corn-stalk."
Far away, in sun scorched Australia
Under the Southern Cross, I first saw the
light;
And its sounds and its pictures,
Heard and seen as a child, I dimly remember.
Acacias and passion flowers,
Swans with plumage of ebony,
Bright parrots gaudy as rainbows,
Emus and kangaroos, prancing uncouthly,
The cry of the laughing jackass,
And the scream of the wild cockatoo.
A mob of thirsty cattle—
Round a pool, half mud and half water.
The crack of the squatter's stock whip,
The blood-curdling tales of bush-rangers.
Then the scene changes—
On the stout ship the *Yorkshire*,
Home bound for Old England,
Watched I the sea birds fluttering astern,
With childish eyes open in wonder,
At wide-winged albatrosses,
And Mother Carey's black chickens;
Or I stared at nautilus and flying fish,
And many deep-sea curios.
Then—as we lay becalmed—
"Man over-board!" is the cry,
And quickly the water ensanguined,
Shows where the white shark has gripped him,
Or ever he reaches the surface.
Swift in revenge, his mates bait the shark-
hook,
And pork-laden it trails out astern.

Not at once does he seize it,
 But next day, out of foam and commotion,
 The grim monster is hauled on the deck.
 "You'd be putting your hand in its mouth,"
 Is the cry of my elderly nursemaid;
 So I am carried below and see not the ending.
 Next come the shores of England,
 Kentish orchards, white blossoming,
 And cliffs of the chalk downs;
 Then London docks, and by train I am
 speeding,
 Thro' midland meadows, white painted,
 With cuckoo flowers and oxeyes,
 Where pasturing kine stand kneedeep in
 grass—
 Sweet with the fragrance of cowslips—
 To fair Huntingdon County, the birthplace
 Of stern old Oliver Cromwell.
 Then a birds' nesting boy—
 Harrying the partridge, pheasant and peewit,
 Plagued I—with my mischief, the "keepers."
 Next comes the big public school,
 Where I grow up, a wild oat sprout—
 A weed in the fallow of learning—
 To seed down a profitless future,
 Like tares that are ripe for the burning.
 For ever my mind would wander
 Away from the sums and the spelling,
 Out to the ancient orchard,
 Where the robin was shaping her dwelling.
 Then comes another sea voyage,
 Across the foam crested Atlantic.
 Years fly by; I'm a bank clerk
 Shut up like a bird in a cage
 In proud New York City.

But 'twas ever the same as in school days—
Ledgers and bills of lading,
To me were dry studies.
My mind was away in the Rockies,
Dreaming of bears and panthers,
When I should have been reckoning up interest;
So the end was not long in coming—
Hot words from a haughty superior—
I vowed I'd go west and be free.
And you find me out here on the Prairie
Chasing the maverick steer,
And "busting" the bucking broncho.
Ever go back to my people? Well, no, sir!
Good night, here's your shake-down.
Black sheep is dyed into my wool—
And they've chalked me down "Outcast,"
I fear, sir.

TO TUTANKHAMEN

HAIL! Proud Egyptian King!
What thinkest—thou—
Of these—who robbed thy grave
Because thy wondrous treasures
They wantonly did crave?
Thou—who so many centuries
Ago—wert born,
Now looking down
Upon these greedy thieves
With haughty scorn,
Perchance hast still the power
To make them feel
Their guilt, in heeding not
God's words, "Thou shalt not steal."

FOUR WORDS

SINCE an eagle soared
And a skylark sang,
Or poets' music
Thro' the ages rang;
From Borneo's Isle
And Araby's sand,
Over Atlantic
To Pacific strand—
Of all the kind words
Said, whispered or sung,
In every tongue
Since the world was young—
They are sweetest
And best, 'tis clear,
Those four—so small—
I love you, dear!

Crooned low in the trees
By the mating dove;
Wafted by angels
From Heaven above;
In beggar's hovel,
Or the monarch's court—
Just a simple tale
And a story short;
Strongest of phrases
Heard over Time's span
'Mong peoples all
E'er that speech began;
Those are the words
We like to hear—
Just four—quite short!—
I love you—dear!

COLLEEN

SWEETEST eyes
That e'er were seen
Ever since
That eyes have been.
Blue as butterflies'
Azure sheen
Are those dear eyes
Of my Colleen.

Waves so soft
Of golden hair,
Falling 'round
Her forehead fair;
Shining like jewels,
Bright and rare,
Ne'er were tresses
Like Colleen's hair.

Dearer lips
Than smiled from head
Ever since
That lips were red.
In all of the world
Ne'er were said
Kindlier words
Than Colleen said.

THE SOUL OF THEE

NOW WHAT care I for the roses three
Twined in thy golden hair that be.
Of no worth to me is the string of pearls
Around thy snow white neck that curls!

Little I look at the diamond bands
Shining bright on your slim, soft hands!
I only care for the soul of thee
That through the ether comes to me.
I only hear sweet words you say—
Borne on the breezes from away—
And because I love you so, my dear,
Though miles apart, we are ever near.

ON GERMANY'S "LUSITANIA" MEDALS

O H, YES! You had it well arranged
Beforehand,
That ne'er the *Lusitania*,
Reach the land!
Upon your medals, Death
Hands out the checks
To all the human stream
O'erflowing her decks;
His grinning skeleton
In Cunard office stands
And to the happy throng
Their tickets hands.
As into shape
The molten copper ran,
No doubt you'd satisfaction
From your plan,
That ne'er forgotten be
The foulest crime
Ocean has seen
Thro' all the span of time!

TO A BRITISH COLUMBIA CEDAR

HUNDREDS of years ago,
All memory beyond,
From Mother Earth you sprouted—
A tiny, feathery frond—
But now, you tower on high
Touching the sky,
While round your topmost spire
The wide-winged eagles fly.
A mightier mast
Than ever crossed the sea
Or shipwright fashioned,
You have grown to be.
A thing of beauty—thou—
Surely a joy for ever;
And yet, to wipe you out
Men strenuously endeavor.

THE MONTHS

JANUARY.

NOW ON window-pane's tracery,
The snow flake comes patting,
While 'round cosy firesides
The farm wives sit chatting.
About in the barnyard
White snowbirds are flitting,
And crouched in the drift
The jack-rabbit is sitting.
The sun at his sides
Keeps his red "dogs" close chained,
And over all waters
The Frost King has reigned.

FEBRUARY.

Now rages the blizzard,
And high piles the drift,
While thro' tiniest crevice
The driven flakes sift.
Blue pigeons sit huddled
On granary roof;
The milch cows are shivering
From horn to hoof.
The well is fast frozen,
The pathway—smooth ice;
Indeed, I can tell you
The weather's not nice.

MARCH.

Up out of the south-west
The chinook blows booming,
And on the horizon
First rain clouds are looming.
From southern lagoon,
The grey geese come gliding,
Regardless that rifles
In ambush are hiding.
The cattle forsake
The sheltering straw stack,
And no more with keen hunger
Encircle the hay rack.

APRIL.

Now out on the ridges,
Anemones are blooming,
And at his first ploughing
The bay colt is fuming.

Upon the burnt prairie
Blithe robins are singing,
And loud in the oak woods
The cow bell is ringing.
Down each ravine
Bright water goes leaping,
And red by the fanning mill
The seed wheat is heaping.

MAY.

Now the sun is bright and warm—
Brown prairie chickens cluck.
The buzzard sails and circles,
While northward flies the duck.
The grass is getting green,
And seldom falls the rain,
So merry smiling faces
Throng the tennis court again.
The prairie fire rages;
Its lambent flames leap high,
While the smoke in acrid columns
Curls upwards to the sky.

JUNE.

The weather grows warmer
And loud pipe the thrushes,
While in dingle and hollow
The saskatoon blushes.
Cock partridge is drumming
Upon the dry log,
And loud in the marshes
Croaks the green frog.

In swale land and meadow
The blackbirds are banding,
And cowboys are busy
At the calf branding.

JULY.

Now on the potatoes
Are blossoms' white patches;
While the kingbird in mid air
Sweet honey bees catches.
The spotted young prairie chick's
Finding his wings,
And on the ripe barley
The bob-o-link swings.
Loud hums the mosquito
And buzzes the deer-fly;
I'd like a prescription
To make them more shy.

AUGUST.

Now wheat and oats and barley
Are turning golden yellow.
From the southland hies the hobo,
Loafing idle fellow.
The farmers all are busy,
And whirring binders hum,
While to workers in the grain fields,
Bearing drink, fair maidens come.
The cone flower and the golden rod,
In autumn beauty blaze,
While in the stubble stretches
Cranes and wild geese graze.

SEPTEMBER.

Now the goshawk sends my pigeons
Circling upwards in the blue,
And on the hazy hill-sides
The leaves grow red in hue.
The blue jay's noisy calling
Is sounding thro' the woods,
While in his winter store room
The squirrel packs his goods.
The frost is on the daisies,
And the wheat is in the shock;
While again bound down to Mexico
The geese begin to flock.

OCTOBER.

Now the horses all are ploughing,
And the fields are turning black;
While thro' the humming cylinder.
The hoboes pitch the stack.
The crows have flown southwards,
The thorn has berries red.
The deer's horn has hardened
And the bear has gone to bed.
Now the partridge plucks the cranberry;
The choke-cherries are ripe;
And in the golden stubble
Fat prairie chickens pipe.

NOVEMBER.

Now brown leaves all have fallen,
Cold blows the winter blast,
And at the furrows' ending
The ploughshare's frozen fast.

Horned owls hoot in the twilight,
And burning straw piles flare,
While the sky is grey and gloomy,
For the snowflake's in the air.
The muskrat's built his shanty,
And the coon has gone to sleep;
While o'er the hay stack fences
The breachy cattle leap.

DECEMBER.

Now again the blizzard rages,
And winter snows lie deep;
Crowded in the straw-yard
Stand the cattle and the sheep.
The turkeys kyouch and gobble,
The geese are getting fat;
While stall-fed kine in stables
Are sleek as a silk hat.
So here's a Merry Christmas
To the young and to the old,
And we'll hope the coming winter
May not be quite too cold.

THE SMITH

IN ANGER you heated your forges,
And welded a white hot chain,
And cast it on shoulders of nations,
To scorch, to sear and to pain!
Then you threw it in blood to harden,
And it hissed thro' the world—a snake—
With a strident hiss and unending—
This chain of your devilish make.

You smelted your metal from bodies;
The oil of your fires was blood,
You recked not the wailing of women
Nor that rivers ran red in their flood.
So this chain you forged in vanity,
By you it shall ever be borne,
For death's angel shall gird it around you—
Yè twain—thro' Eternity—scorn!
Yea, one song chanteth an anthem,
Another trilleth a lilt;
This song singeth but of one thing—
It demandeth the blood you spilt!

LOST SHIPS

SHIPS of the long ago,
Under the ebb and flow
Of the ceaseless tide,
With those who died,
Searching for spice and gold
In the brave days of old;
Or, filled with lust of battle
Sank down 'mid cannons' rattle,
Leaving their faces white,
Fruit of the fight—
To feed in caverns dark
The octopus and shark.
Vessels—that sail not back,
Once more to steer and tack
To reach your fair-way.
Perchance some other day
Your mariners shall shout again
Upon a new world's main!

THE ROCKIES

HERE the needles of green spruce trees
Kiss the sky line,
While swift rivers gliding seawards
Gleam and shine.
On the rampike tall and stately
The bald eagle builds her nest;
And lofty peaks paint proudly
The glory of the West.
The thunder of the avalanche
Awakes the timid deer,
And they bound away to safety
From the cougar crouching near;
While the train speeds swiftly onward
Across the great divide,
Which is, and ever will be,
Our Western country's pride,
Now twisting like a serpent,
Then shooting like a star,
Down thro' the snow capped mountains
To Pacific harbor-bar.

THE FARM

A WIDE, low house, 'mid sheltering trees,
Flower beds thronged with buzzing bees;
The greybeard owner of the farm
Leans on the gate with wearied arm.
Watchdog, by the doorstep sleeping,
Dreams he sees a rabbit leaping.
Grandma on the porch is sitting
Dozing o'er some snowy knitting.

Black Minorcas, busy scratching,
Wondering who will do their hatching.
Sparrows thro' the bushes flitting
Flying 'round with endless twitting.
Polly, working at her churning,
Easter gown she thinks of earning.
Neighbor's wife, as soft as silk,
Comes to beg some buttermilk.
Brahma hen, with fifteen chickens,
Clucking, clucking like the Dickens.
Far overhead a hawk is sailing,
So guinea hen is loudly railing.
Tyrant gander standing screaming,
Where the goose on eggs sits dreaming.
Peacock with his tail outspread—
You rascal—that's the onion bed.
See turkey gobbler proudly strut
Where his mate in coop is shut.
Pigeons on the barn roof cooing—
Cooing, cooing—their mates wooing.
White ducks dabbling in the mud,
Where spotted cows they chew the cud.
By the haymow lies the sow;
Ten wee pigs come squealing now.
In the straw-yard sleepy sheep—
How the frisky lambkins leap.
Chore boy going to feed the calf
Growls—he's too much work by half.
To broody hens blithe Polly pegs
With an apron full of eggs.
Plow-boys sitting without coats
Where tired horses munch their oats.
In the west low sinks the sun;
Home the straying yearlings run.
In distant tree-tops hoots the owl;
To roost have gone the noisy fowl.

Polly milking seven cows—
Men are lazy—so she vows.
Thro' the barnyard frisks the cat;
In deepening darkness wheels a bat.
Grandma rises—lights the lamp—
Warns the boys against the damp.
Now the stable doors close tight—
The day's work's done—good night, good night.

LOVE'S PRICELESS WORTH

A SKYLARK sprang
From the meadow grass
To the azure blue,
Where the white clouds pass;
Over scarlet poppies
'Mong the gold-yellow wheat,
He trilled out a melody,
Weird, wild and sweet,
For Love was the theme
Of his joyous song,
And it lightened my heart
As I strolled along.
It seemed like a message
To me from the sky,
From one I had known
In years gone by.
So the song of the bird
Falling down to earth,
Aroused my soul
To Love's priceless worth.
Sing, lark, once more,
Your fond refrain,
Which brought to my heart
Sweet Love again!

FOR HER ALBUM

SAID a youth, I don't know
What to write on this page
Now you, that I worshipped,
Are mated with age.
Once I thought—rashly—
You loved only me,
But, 'twas his money bags
Solely—I see;
But love is in vain,
And gold cures pain.
Yet I can't help thinking
That sometime again
You'll remember Boy Cupid,
Left out in the rain;
And the gold will seem dross
When love's pain comes again.

VENDETTA

BY THE distant Rocky Mountains,
Where the cattle and bronchos range,
A horseman rides at the close of day
To the door of a dwelling strange.
It is but a dugout hut,
But over its lowly door
Is nailed a human skull,
And a dark stain sullies the floor.
Now that young man comes of a family
That knows no fear from the breast,
But yet at his very heart strings
He shivers with vague unrest.

For is he not seeking his brother,
A sheep whose fleece was black?
There's a little round hole in the gleaming bone
And he thinks of the pistol crack.
For those were days when might was right,
And "Lynch" was the only judge.
But the cowboy mutters impatiently
"Now, why should I think of such fudge!"
I promised his mother I'd find him
And bring him safely home,
So I reckon I'll keep that promise
If to distant Alaska I roam."
Then striding up from the canyon
Comes the owner of the hut,
With dark hair tossed and tangled,
And skin as brown as a nut.
He's gaunt and tall, and savage,
Like a lonely grizzly bear;
And he frowns as he asks that rider
What's his business there.
The young man keeps his temper,
Tho' he feels his cheeks grow hot:
"I come to ask a night's lodging
For nothing to eat I've got.
My name is William Cranston,
And I look for my brother Jack.
Why do you hang yon ghastly bone
Over the door of your shack?"
A flash comes from the ranchman's eyes,
As from a flint the spark;
And with a stammering welcome
He enters his dwelling dark.
Bill Cranston tethers his broncho,
And follows his gloomy host;
But tacked on the wall is a photo,
And he sees his brother's ghost.

He looks with questioning glances
At the dark and savage man
Who, gripping a bright revolver,
Thus, at length, to speak began:
"Your brother shot my nephew
In this same lonely hut;
And his bones—the coyotes gnaw them—
Down by the canyon's rut.
Come out into the open—
I see you've got a gun—
But you shall follow Jack Cranston,
And the wolves shall have more fun."
"Well, that's as may be, Mister,"
Young Cranston says with a smile,
"For I'm tolerable good at my shootin';
On that you can stake your pile."
Then he turns out thro' the doorway—
And a bullet goes "ping" in the wood;
His right hand flies up swiftly,
And—ye gods! his aim was good!
For his foe has a hole in his forehead,
And again is stained the floor;
So he passes out softly and slowly,
And lifts the white skull from the door.
Then a thought—it suddenly strikes him—
He lays it down again,
While from his bright blue eyes
Of tears there falls a rain.
From the dry and tindery doorpost
Of shavings he whittles a heap,
And taking a match from his pocket,
The cremating flames high leap.
Then, hungry, and thirsty, and tired,
He mounts his broncho again,
And rides away—slowly backward,
Over the moonlit plain.

And as in the distance behind him
That funeral fire glows red,
His memory turns to his mother,
And the lost, unshriven dead.

THE HAIL STORM

FROM North, South, East and West
The winds together
Have piled the clouds
To bring foul weather.
Scared by the rattle and crash
Of Heaven's artilleries,
The skimming swallows leave the mead
And seek their plastered gilleries.
Loudly reverberating
The thunder roars,
And in a torrent
The rain down pours.
Bedraggled poultry
By the pasture rails,
Cower with indrawn necks
And drooping tails.
The sharp hail rushing comes
In blinding sheet,
Bringing destruction
To the swaying wheat.
Continuously rebounding
Its bullets dance,
Leaving fair fields
A desolate expanse.
The farmer views the ruin
With drooping head,
And, darkness falling,
Goes disconsolate to bed.

THE OTHER TRAIL

ACROSS the span of life
There wind two roads;
The one, a weary way
Where slaves bear heavy loads,
And creaking wains—care-laden—
Go slowly day by day
Among the rocks and sand,
Where grew no flowers or corn,
Doleful and sad,
Both night and morn.

And yet, Dear Heart of Mine,
Another trail—
Where bloom the lover's rose
And lilies, sweet and frail;
Winding along—in sunshine,
Thro' verdant meadows, goes;
And here all passers-by
Joyously do smile and sing
Because sweet love
Rules as a king.

MYSTICAL

NOW THERE must be
A sort of psychic bond,
A something from
The away—beyond;
I see your eyes
And hear your voice—
If I thought of marriage
You'd be my choice.

Oh yes! No doubt—
There's a psychic bond
From the distant
Far—beyond;
But that won't heat
The kitchen stove;
So don't let your thoughts
To marriage rove.

Love by itself
Can roast no meat!
And even lovers
Want to eat!
There may be a bond—
Just as you tell—
But, I'd like some bread
And butter, as well.

DANUBE RIVER

ON THE banks of Danube River
Where the storks come and go,
Once lived a Russian maiden,
Many hundred years ago—
And there came a robber prince
While white linen she did rinse,
Who took her to his castle,
Where the Danube waters flow.

She was not the only maiden,
Folk in that country say,
Who he carried thro' the gates
Of his castle, far away;

She was given golden rings;
And a harp, with sounding strings—
In that stern robber's castle
By the Danube—tunes to play.

But, like some little captured bird,
That flutters 'gainst the bars,
She gazed out of her window
In the midnight, at the stars;
And there to this prisoned maid
Came a page, to serenade,
Low singing 'neath the castle,
While by Danube shone the stars.

ANGELINE

EYES that surpass blue cornflowers,
Hair glowing like red-gold wheat;
Hands soft as April showers,
White ivory her feet;
Her voice excels the nightingale's,
Her lips are honey sweet;
She's coming thro' the moonlit dales,
And I'll go my love to meet.

She is coming past the daisies;
Breezes toss her hair about;
Her feet thro' fairy mazes
Are dancing in and out.
She's lilting low and tunefully
A dear, quaint, old time song,
With crickets chirping cheerfully
As she lightly trips along.

Angeline is like bright sunshine,
Dear, as to flowers the dew;
Constant as the ivy vine,
Tender is she and true.
My love is incomparable,
Ever my guiding star,
And we twain shall be together
When crossed is Life's harbor-bar.

PEACE

COME to the earth again,
Sweet Peace, we pray thee,
And spread thy pinions—wide—
From sea to sea.
Then shall the guns
Be smelted into plowshares,
And 'mong the wheat of nations
Grow no tares;
For brother, then, no more
Shall slay his brother,
Nor shall the countries
War with one another;
Yea! Malice and hate
Shall be banished away,
And thou, sweet Peace,
Shalt hold eternal sway;
For then great armies
Shall not assemble,
Nor lonely wives
In tearful anguish tremble;
Cannon's loud boom
And bugle's blare shall cease,
While over all the world
Shall be thy reign, O Peace.

OUR GUARDIAN ANGELS

NOW WE know not whither pass they,
Nor with what bodies they do go;
Whether they be warm as roses,
Or white phantoms, like the snow;
But we know their spirits love us
As they did when still on earth,
And they watch about our pillows
Like the angels at Christ's birth.
So we see them in the dreamland,
And still they kiss us as they pass,
Tho' dark mould hides their dear faces,
O'er their fond eyes grows the grass;
But we shall be reunited
In those realms beyond the sky—
Soul to soul always hath said it—
That our loved ones never die.

KITCHENER

ASHIP went forth
In power and might,
Over green sea waves,
To defend the right,
But the ocean-death—
It gored her side—
And she's sunken down
'Neath the rolling tide.
For the soldier Earl
Our sore hearts bleed;
But what are regrets
To an Empire's need?

The waves above him
Rise and fall,
For Britain's warrior,
A funeral pall!
Over our drowned,
In the flow and ebb—
The dreadnoughts watch!
Fate weaves her web!
There's a cleft in the rocks
On our country's coast,
And wedged is a skeleton white,
With a rusted sword
And medals bright,
Deep down—in dim sea light—
But his soul's with
God's soldier host!

FAITH

WITHIN the deepest shadows of a wood,
A small lost maiden wept,
And as she, tired and weary,
Wandering onward kept,
Her little naked shins
Were nettle-stung;
And all about her tear-stained cheeks
Gold tresses hung.
As thro' the tall green ferns
She weeping trudged,
Her tiny chubby hands
With mould were smudged.
Thus—pausing
On my homeward way,

With rosy, pouting lips
I heard her say:
"O Dod, make Mammy find me."
And then, as in my arms
I caught and kissed her,
And told her that
To Mother I'd assist her,
With sunny smile
Said this maid so dear,
"Now, wa'nt it dood of Dod
To send you here?"

THE SEER

HE SEES a cloud
In the far off East,
Which, burst, shall become
Grim death's high priest;
Yea, rivers of blood
Thro' the Western world
Shall flow, when from Heaven
That cloud is hurled.
The hate of the East
'Gainst the power of the West,
Shall bring murder of babes
On their mothers' breast.
Ye say, in your pride,
That it cannot come—
We hold those nations
Under our thumb!
But, shall ripe grain stand
'Gainst the hailing wrath
When a hurricane cuts
Thro' the field a swath?

JUST KISS ME NOW

SWEETHEART! When I am dead
You'll stand beside my head,
Wishing I'd never heard
You say an unkind word;
And with your lips
Against my cold cheek pressed,
Perchance you'll lay
White flowers on my breast.

But that will be too late!
I shall have gone thro' the grim gate
Which, across boundless space,
Leads to the unknwn place.
So do not wait—
Against my cold dead face
Your head to bow—
Dear heart—just kiss me now.

WIRELESS

JUST to let you
Know I love you;
Just to tell you
That my heart is true;
I send a message now
To you by wireless,
Speeding like an eagle,
Free and fearless,
O'er the sea
And thro' the clouds
Where white mist
The sunlight shrouds;

A lightning bolt
Thro' the ether clear,
Over the waves
To you, my dear!
Without a pen
Or a postage stamp,
Its words shall shine
Like Aladdin's lamp;
It shall smooth your hair
And kiss your lips,
It shall slip bright rings
O'er your finger tips;
Swifter than arrow
From Cupid's bow
It shall tell you all
I want you to know.
A sunny smile
On your face shall play,
And the dreary distance
Shall melt away!

STERN WINTER IS COMING

THE MUSKRAT has built up his dwelling,
And piled it quite high in the fen;
Stern winter is coming, it's telling;
So hunt up your fur coat again.
Wild geese in long lines have gone southwards,
Away down to Mexico's shore;
'Twill be long months before they fly back-
wards,
To reach North Dakota once more.
Well lined with dry leaves is the bear's den,
Of acorns this fall he's no lack;

But last week he was out at my hog-pen—
I hope that he'll never come back.
In the shelter the humpy-backed cattle
Stand crowded, red, spotted and black.
On account of the wet I'd a battle
To save enough hay for a stack.
Round my straw prairie chickens crowd fearless
They ought to be getting quite fat;
For the boys at the threshing were careless,
Wasting more than sufficient for that.
Now hurry, and raise a high wood-pile,
Ere February drifts up the bush,
For with wood, hand to mouth is a bad style,
And green, your wife's cooking won't push.
The moon had a halo last evening;
We soon may be looking for snow;
My pump was fast frozen this morning;
It soon will be forty below.

THE CHILD AND THE SWALLOW

SWALLOW-BIRD! Swallow-bird!
Please twitter a story.
Won't you tell me if you
Into Heaven can fly?
Now, just tell me a story
Of God in His glory,
Away up—away far
In the fair blue sky!

Sweet baby, I never
Can tell you the story.
Once I thought that I could
Fly away to the sun;

Very gladly I'd tell you
Of Heavenly glory;
But I grew quite weary,
The journey undone.

The tall Easter lily
Will tell you the story.
She has heard of the Christ
On Calvary's rough way;
The white lily will whisper
Of heavenly glory,
While I soar up above
Where soft breezes play.

But the child fell asleep
On sunny bank sitting,
And I never yet heard
That the story was told;
Yet on waking—the sequel
May chance to seem fitting—
Her hand held a lily
With heart of bright gold.

BEYOND THE SUN

IF I WERE blind—
With tired, sightless eyes—
Sad, weary eyes—
Sweetheart—I'd see your face!
And should you be
In some far distant place,
I'd kiss you, dear,
Because I love you so;
And sweet love conquers all
On earth below.

So when Life's weariness
Its course has run,
For ever and for ever
We twain shall stand together,
Eternally to be as one
In the fair land beyond the sun.

NEWS OF THE "NANCY?"

NOW GIVE me news of the *Nancy*,
For her captain's bride am I,
And I have watched full wearily
The green waves kiss the sky.
He sailed away from Grimsby town
Upon the turning tide;
But tides they ebb and tides they flow,
Yet he comes not to his bride.
Now if you would have news of the *Nancy*,
You must seek beneath the tide,
For a mine in the North Sea struck her,
And her crew, with your captain, died!
So shed no useless tears, Lady;
Nay, weep not by the tide,
For crews more than they of the *Nancy*
Beneath the waves have died.
You shall meet him again in Heaven, Lady,
When the sea gives up her dead,
And till Gabriel bloweth his trumpet
Sea sand shall be his bed.
So weep not by the tide, Lady,
Where the waves so mournful sound,
That greater crews than the *Nancy's*
Beneath their foam lie drowned.

THE BLIZZARD

A PRETTY place—the prairie?
Well, yes—perhaps it is
When its flowers bright are blooming—
Roses, bergamots and lilies;
When in cone flower spangled meadows
Knee-deep the cattle browse;
And merrily sings the milkmaid
Driving home her spotted cows;
When dancing oats and barley
Are waving in the wind;
And the needles of the speargrass
To your woollen socks are pinned.
Or when the wheat is harvested,
And standing in the shock;
And the geese from northern regions
Again begin to flock.
But when the blizzard rages
And drives the stinging sleet;
And the sad, belated wayfarer
Has numbed and frozen feet.
Ah! then it's a different story!
A cruel, cruel place!
And I'll tell you now what happened
In a bygone year of grace.
'Twas in April, and the spring was near;
We thought the winter past,
For the shadows of northbound wild geese
On the melting drifts were cast.
'Mongst us dwelt a weary woman,
With a family of seven;
And all throughout her dreary life
Toil was the bitter leaven.
And she'd been down to market
To buy some summer stores;

'Twas early in the afternoon
She left the merchant's doors,
And turned the mules' heads homewards,
She and her eldest son,
Ne'er thinking as she left the town
That her work on earth was done.
The wind came puffing fitfully
Out of the grey south-east,
Where lay a bank of cloudlets
Looking soft as foaming yeast.
But the snowbirds they were fluttering
Along the winding road,
As though to warn the lazy mules
To hurry with their load.
And down came snowflakes falling
As white as wings of doves
That nesting in the pigeon house
Are cooing to their loves.
The sinking sun in the west
Glared red like a tiger's eye;
And weirdly, from the great ravine,
Came the roaming wildcat's cry.
The crows upon the withered oak
Croaked with a warning call,
As along the vale of Pembina
The night began to fall.
And the blizzard it came screaming
As north-west blizzards can;
While down to the sheltering willows
The fleet jack-rabbit ran.
Louder and louder roars the wind,
And thicker comes the drift;
The mules they get disheartened,
And their load but slowly shift.
And still the storm it rages,
While thicker falls the snow;

So at last they stand bewildered,
And no farther will they go.
So the tired, benighted travellers
Now wander forth on foot,
Trusting that they may find a house,
In darkness black as soot.
But then they get divided—
The youth, he struggles on,
While the weary, tired woman
Sinks the hard ground upon.
And Death's white angel came to her,
There, in the stinging sleet,
Where the frozen sod was her bier,
The snow her winding sheet.
They found her on the morrow
Dead, in the sunlight fair,
Cold in the morning, lying
With the snowdrift in her hair.
Her willing arms were frozen stiff,
On her face was a mask of ice;
But her soul had gone where is no more snow,
To the realms of Paradise.

THE LONE OAK

THERE'S a lone oak by the coulee side.
What's in its boughs? An eagle's nest?
Oh, no! Long ago an Indian died—
On those sticks they laid him to rest.
Turkey-vulture, raven, crow,
Came again and oft again—
Picked his bones, white as snow,
Resting there in sun and rain;

While drank the deer and buffalo
And came the elk to browse
'Neath the warrior on the sticks long ago;
Farm horses and sleek cows fail the spirit
to arouse
Of the dusky man who died so long ago.
But the lone oak still stands,
Summer sun or winter snow,
As it did when Indian bands
Brought their Chief in it to rest, years ago.

THE CABIN BOY

THERE'S turning o' the capstan,
And singing on the quay;
My gallant ship is outward bound;
And what would you with me?
I've got Lascars, Malays and Greeks
With Polanders and Chinese,
And what would a kid like you do
In my fo'c'sle 'mong these?
Ho! Captain, I've a pilot coat
An' shining sharp sheath knife,
And I ne'er yet met the Chinky, Sir,
Who scared me in my life;
You will need a cabin boy
Far away in Cuban seas,
With her owners in London city
A-sittin' at their ease;
So all among your Polaks,
Your Greeks and yellow Chinese
It's I can chew my hard tack
A-bunkin' in wi' these.

THE HUNTER

IT'S BRIGHT fall weather!
Go, get your rifle!
All day in the house
You'll surely stifle.
Brace up and come
Across the dale,
And over beyond
On that marshy swale,
Where the elk and deer
Delight to browse;
Our firing shall
The echoes rouse,
We'll scare the grey geese
Up from the fen,
And the shaggy bear
Trail to his den.
By noon we'll reach
That trickling fountain
By the steep side
Of yon wooded mountain;
There, with good appetite
We'll eat our lunch,
Where cranberries hang
In crimson bunch.
Follow this cowpath—
The beasts well know
The easiest way
To the valley below;
See how thickly
The poplars stand
Where the bluejays flutter
In a chattering band.
And there the elk,
Last night at dark,

Chafed his sharp horn
On the willow's bark.
See! Yonder they stand;
A band of nine!
The leader, a monarch
With branching tine.
Down! Down in the brush!
They nearer come;
Now, hold your rifle
With steady thumb.
Great Scott! He's down!
That ball struck home,
And your stag lies dead
'Neath the forest dome.

THE CASTAWAY

WHERE in the blizzard drear
The cutting sleet down sifts,
Thro' the forsaken street
At midnight piling drifts,
She walks, outcast, forlorn,
In the wild, driving storm;
Wind beaten garments clinging
To her slim, frail form,
With golden hair disheveled—
Shivering in the snow—
Expelled from all home fires
And their cheery glow;
Her cold, white feet
Are wandering alone.
From sanctity she strayed!
Warm hearts have turned to stone!

THE TITANIC

ON THAT ill-fated day
From fair Southampton Bay
She steamed in stately pride
An ocean bride.
Ah me! Ah me! Oh, cruel woeful tide!
So many hundred souls
They drowned and died.
They shall not feel the summer sun,
Its breezes and soft rain;
Until the sea gives up her dead,
We mourn in vain.
Away from all of those they loved,
The prey of grim sea forms they lie.
Their drowned eyes no more shall see
God's flowers and fair blue sky.
Ah me! Ah me! Oh cruel woeful tide!
They drowned and died!
And yet she was an ocean bride!
So thro' cold death's dark portal
They have passed to life immortal,
In Thy bright Heaven to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!

ROSES OF PARADISE

WHERE golden sunlight gleams,
I walk in a land of dreams,
Where roses of Paradise bloom,
And ne'er may come sorrow or gloom;
Kissing long absent faces,
In far away—far away places—
I drift on the tide of sleep
Over streams that are swift and deep.

But they pass from me—my faces—
And awaking, sadness replaces
In my heart, that in dreamland was glad,
The sweet friends that I had,
Those dearly loved faces
In the far away places,
Those souls beyond death's tomb,
Where the roses of Paradise bloom.

THANKSGIVING

WHEN the harvest moon, like a ball of
fire
Glows in the Eastern sky,
And the whirring rattle of binders
Is borne on the night wind's sigh,
When stooks like mighty armies
On yellow stubbles stand,
And the wings of the harvest goddess
O'ershadow our prairie land;
When the hand of bountiful Providence
Has turned the frost aside,
And our grain fields have lain in safety
Out of the hailstorm's stride;
When wheat and oats and barley
Are hard and firm in the sheaf,
And bushels mount into millions,
Countless beyond belief;
Then to our Father in Heaven
In gratitude we cry,
Sending our hymn of thanksgiving
Up to the fair blue sky.

TO AN EAGLE

THOU Bird of Jove,
That circlest the sun above!
What can'st thou know of love?—
With claws and beak blood red
Insatiate of gore.
I saw you when the snow white swan
Relentlessly you tore.
And yet on yonder cliff,
High beetling o'er the wave,
Branches and weed
You robber knave
Did pile in rude confusion
Until you shaped a nest
Where downy eaglets cower
In well fed rest.
And so the boyish God had power
To tame e'en thee,
Feared by all feebler folk,
On earth, in sky, on sea,
Whose cruelty transcends belief—
And make thee form a home
Upon yon lofty cliff
High o'er the white sea-foam.

HAPPINESS

IT'S LOVING and laughing and spending,
Forgiving and helping and lending;
It's striving with ardor unbending,
To be for ever ascending.
It's passion and pleasure and pain,
A love for the flowers and the rain,

For earthly lusts a disdain,
And music, again and again,
It's to soothe and all men to assist,
With a will that none can resist;
It's to soar above trouble's dark mist,
A subscription to add to a list.
It's ever to hope and to sing,
To friendship closely to cling;
To the light hidden virtues to bring,
And of evil say never a thing.

THE LOST CHILDREN OF YELLOW GRASS

SOMETIMES, with bright stars
Twinkling me above,
And pondering on the fact
That God is Love,
I often wonder
How it came to pass,
Some years ago,
Up West at Yellow Grass,
He let two toddling,
Bright-haired babies
Wander out over
The green, sunlit prairies,
To pass the sunny
Summer morning hours
In gathering gaudy
Bright-hued flowers,
And watching butterflies,
With buzzing bees;
Or e'en, perchance, repeating
Prayers, upon their knees,

Until night came
And they no home had found,
But, wandered ever
Terrified, 'round and 'round;
Wild-eyed in horror
At bright lightning's flash,
While on their shivering forms
Cold rain did splash.
And at them glared the she-coyote,
With glistening fangs,
Growling unto herself: "Mine!
Mine! Thro' hunger's pangs,
To-morrow or the next day
It certainly may be.

My cubs shall feast on them
In wolfish glee,
Revenging those of mine, who
Their man-father with poison slew,
Or their sleek heads
Unerring bullets sent through.
I need not kill them;
I have but to wait
The arrows of their destiny
And relentless fate!"
Next morn, above them came
Black buzzards hearing their sad
moans
And greedily waiting
Their dead bones.
Thus they wandered on
In cruel, hungry pain,
Until their Maker
Took their souls again,

Because, borne on
By Fate's unswerving tide,
They there, in bitter hunger,
Starved, and died!
And so for them
No funeral prayers were said,
Because none knew
Were they alive or dead;
Until, months later,
A ranchman, driving cows,
Saw one which far behind
Sunflowers did browse
And, as our prairie cattle will,
Chewed a small bone—
Still, when the herd passed on,
Staying there alone,
Until the cowboy, coming back,
With oaths upon his bearded lips
Because on some strange thing
His broncho trips,
And that the wilful cow
Her bone still mumbles,
Dismounts to see what's there
And, seeking, stumbles
Across a little tress
Of golden, human hair,
And then bethinks him
Of those children fair
Who from their home
Had wandered far away,
Until Death's angel made
Their weary feet to stay,
Where coiling rattlesnakes
About them played,
While wolves and buzzards
On their forms had preyed;

Until their skeletons
With snow and sun bleached bright,
And e'en a meadow-lark
Did nest 'mid their bones white,
One polished skull
With woven grasses filling full,
Her doorway made
By hoof of trampling bull.

THE LAKE

IT LIES hidden in high hills
Like a pearl within a shell.
And o'er its bosom Indians
Their light canoes propel.
For along its gravel edges
Pass the otter and the mink,
Printing pastry pattern footsteps,
Where the brooklet joins its brink.
I stood on its marge at sunset,
When the twilight shadows fell,
And loons to their mates were calling,
As clangs a resounding bell.
A fish-hawk out of the quiet sky,
Splashed down for its finny prey;
While the eagle dozed on the cliff side,
As it flapped with its burden away.
A moose came out of the bushes
To drink, with startled eye;
And I watched in circles above me
The whirring night-hawk fly.
A bear patrolled on the beaches;
The lynx in the forest growled;

While over the fallen tree trunks
A tawny panther prowled.
A red fox played 'neath a partridge,
And longed for the toothsome prize;
While a wandering skunk, with beady
 eyes,
From her nest made the mud-hen rise.
The wild swan swam with arching neck
Where the trout leaped up for the fly;
And I heard in the marsh behind me
A booming bittern cry.
Then the moon rose in glowing splendor
Above the clouds high piled,
And lit with silver glory
That lake and the mountains wild.

SEPTEMBER

LEAVES so lightly falling,
Wild geese loudly calling,
Honk, a-honk, a-honk!
Why such a clatter?
T'won't make them fatter,
So much chatter!
 Honk, a-honk!

Gunmen stealing slyly
With light footsteps wily.
Huh! Wide flapping wings—
Away they go
From the winter snow.
How do they know
 Blizzard stings?

Apples down are dropping,
In the orchard flopping,
Plunk, a-plunk, a-plunk!
Red and rosy,
A fruity posy,
Sweet and juicy,
Plunk, a-plunk!

Chipmunk nuts is getting
To stop winter fretting,
Chipper, chipper chee!
Guess you're happy,
Striped chipmunk chappie,
Pert and snappy.
Chipper chee!

THE CLIFF

TO ITS base—brown kelp
Is carried on the foam,
While kittiwakes in flocks
Are nesting on its rocks;
And, high above,
Sea eagles make their home.
To its cave, rock pigeons fly
From the peregrine circling nigh,
Where wind-swept lighthouse
Towers to the sky.
The tide against it drums—
The soft-eyed seal there comes.
So lofty and so stern—
Loved by gannet and by tern—
Facing the buffeting sea,
Frowning contemptuously!

BENDIGO

HO! I WAS born in Bendigo,
Where is little ice or snow;
And to ride again in Anzacland
I fain again would go.
Your prairie's bleak and bitter
When blizzards drive the snow,
So I'll return to Anzacland—
The fairest land I know;
To her parrots and her peaches,
To the white sand of her beaches,
How the couee call beseeches!
O'er the sea my heart it reaches!
Couee! Couee! Calls me
To shady groves I know,
Where the lyre bird
Is strutting to and fro;
Passion flowers are blooming;
The mo-pork's cry is booming.
'Neath the almond tree's perfuming
My mate his bay is grooming;
I will ride with him in Bendigo
Where the polly-wattles blow.

He'll have some mutton frying,
And damper in the dough;
He'll give me some tobacco,
And a saddle horse, I know.
I will ride again in Bendigo,
Trap the dingo—shoot the crow.
Ho, the snake it coils in Anzacland
And the hot wind drives the dust.
Your mate is old and feeble
And his spurs are red with rust.

You are better off in Canada
E'en if the blizzard blows,
Than bunking 'mong tarantulas,
Where the Paramatta flows.
Now, what care I for sand storms?
What care I for the snake?
Australia's my native land,
So no difference they make.
I see white petals falling—
Hear the laughing jackass calling;
I will ride again in Bendigo
And forget Canadian snow.

HI-KI-YIPPI-KI-YIP

WE'RE gath'rin' up the steers
Of Cattle-king McPhail,
Hustlin' them along
To the Santa Fe trail;
We're the boys o' the saddle,
We're the boys o' the brand,
And a cowboy's life
Is the freest in the land.
With a Ki-yippi-ki-ki-ki-yip!
Maverick on the rampage
Pawing o' the sand.
Now, Bulldog, be ready
With your rope in your hand,
And look twice over
That your pony don't slip,
Or you'll never get your cattle
Into Santa Fe to ship.
With a Ki-yippi-ki-yip-yip-yip!
Two thousand of his cattle
For the Santa Fe chute;

Should you turn 'em in short—
I'll say McPhail's a brute!
Milling in the mesquite,
Tramplin' down the sage,
Hi-hi! Cowboy!
Long-horns in a rage!
With a Hi-ki-yippi-ki-yip.

SUMMER

I ROSE upon a summer morn—
A thrush piped loudly from the wood
And passing thro' dew spangled corn
His music to my heart seemed good.
The dew surpassed bright jewels rare
As, in the East, flamed the red sun,
And over all the leafage fair
White silken gossamer was spun.

The jubilantly singing bird—
The bright and radiant rising sun—
Of kine—a sleek and lowing herd
Made light my daily work begun.
The evening came—a whip-poor-will
Called where the thrush at morn had sung;
Again the dew fell, soft and still—
And sinking sun long shadows flung.
My hoe thrown down, I stand at rest;
A church bell peals in distant town;
A roseate light is o'er the West
And darker grows the fallow brown.
With weary feet I wander home
To seek my supper, and repose,
Till stars fade out in Heaven's dome
And once again the red east glows.

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER

DON'T call him "Drummer";
That's a scornful name.
This flitting fellow—
If it's all the same to you,
Is bone and sinew
Of our Western land, Sir!
And when you use
A title of contempt, you err!
He's harum-scarum,
Easy-going ways?
Sometimes, but then you must admit
He always, *Pays*,
And money—
Why, that talks!
Ah! Here change cars; I'm bound, Sir,
For Uncle Sam's Grand Forks.

MY STAR

STAR of my life, without thee
The skies are dark!
My heart is sad, disconsolate,
Like some caged lark;
But with your bright eyes
Gazing into mine—
Ah, then! Ah, then!
Tho' all the heavens are black with clouds
For me the sun doth shine!
No more dull care my soul enshrouds,
And roses seem to bloom
About my way.

Star of my life! Star of my life!
Give me thy love, I pray!
And then! And then!
For me the sun shall shine each day.
Star of my life! Star of my life!
Give me thy heart, I pray!
Star of my life!
Be thou my guiding star
Until is passed—until is passed—
The Heavenly harbor bar!

A FRIEND'S FACE

"Even as iron sharpeneth iron,
So to a man is the face of his friend."

DEAR face, that comes to mine
Down paths of night,
Alas! You fade away
When dawns the light.
Yet still I clasp your hand
While you are sleeping,
And ever in my heart
Yourself I'm keeping.

Against my tired eyes,
Your bright eyes shine
Far off—I see you smile,
Dear friend of mine.
So, tho' long years go by
And I meet you not,
Blotted out is the word—
The sad word—forgot!

SAMMY'S EXCUSE

BECAUSE I come of fighting stock—
My fathers ranchmen of the West—
I chucked my job and went across
To fight in France, with all the rest.
You see—'twas things I read
That made me want to get a gun
And go right there
Immediately—to shoot a Hun!
A Hun! Well, I should smile!
I've sniped some more than one,
And thought, like killing snakes,
'Twas good work done!
The other day—felt tired
And, wanting air,
I got on board a Portage car
And sat beside a lady—stout and fair;
Some dame she was,
Dolled up in frills and fur.
She puckered up her face into a frown
And, when I looked at her,
"Why don't you stand?"
She snapped at me,
"And let that soldier boy sit down?
He fought for you across the sea!"
"Well, then," says I,
"Perhaps he'll go and find
Two ribs—with something of my spine—
That's lying over there, on Vimy Ridge;
To have them once again
Would suit me fine."
I tell you, Sir,
That toney lady—she
Just sort o' smiled
And snuggled close up to me!

So that's the reason—why,
You'll understand—
I keep on sitting down
While others rise and stand.

A MAID OF DEVON

OH, I'M a maid from Bideford—
From Old Bideford in Devon,
And I'm tired—oh, so tired,
Of all things beneath the Heaven.

Your city is bleak and bitter
When the blizzard it bloweth cold,
So I would pass thro' Bideford
To my grandfather's cottage old.

He's a garden bright with tulips,
Where fleet swallows chase honey bees,
And there I may sit and rest me
Till Death's angel my pain doth ease.

For the apple bloom is falling
And yellow cowslips waste their gold,
While sky-larks sing full tunefully
High over the wind-beaten wold.

I fain would see the gorse flower
And the rabbits on the green down,
For I'm weary—very weary—
Of wide Winnipeg's chilly town!

Down among dear Devon daisies
I can rest me by the river,
Underneath the graceful aspens
With their green leaves all a-quiver.

And Exeter's old Cathedral
Is the finest church in Devon,
And an English grave is fairest
Of all graves beneath the Heaven.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY

MY NAME—it's Rowley Tompkins,
Engineer on the C.P.R.,
And whenever you want to find me,
There's the superintendent's car.
You'll say I'm slinging hot air, boys,
But this yarn is gospel truth,
And if you go down to Deloraine,
Why, there you'll find the proof.
One night, on the road to Napinka,
In nineteen hundred and six,
I was running a brand new engine
And 'twas freezing hard as bricks;
Soft snow was piled in the cuttings—
So the wind was raising a dust
Which nearly choked me whenever
My face thro' the window I thrust.
I was tired, stiff and frozen—
My fingers were numb with cold;
And I thought of my baby at home, boys,
As the snow clouds past me rolled.
I was perhaps a little bit sleepy, mates,
But the right of way was mine,

And a sane man's got no business, sirs,
 To drive on a railroad line.
 But, there's always some leaven of madness
 Kneaded up with the dough of humanity,
 And you needn't go to the lunacy wards
 To look for the yeast of insanity.
 So, Dave Mitchell could suck up whiskey
 As a babe does mother's milk,
 And his team of mules were frisky,
 With big ears as soft as silk,
 And he'd driven down to the mill, boys,
 To bring back a grist of flour,
 Then started right home, in front o' me
 Tho' he knew I was due in an hour.
 I was pulling my train like blue blazes,
 Just rushing along the straight track,
 And Mitchell must have felt startled
 When I smashed through his box to the back.
 I felt my cab give a jolt, boys,
 But I thought 'twas a risky rail—
 Had I really known what happened
 I might have turned a bit pale.
 Conductor, he comes forward,
 Says: "Something you struck back there."
 But, with everything running smoothly,
 I laughed an' said: "We should care!"
 But the nigh mule and Dave went over one
 fence,
 While the off one I chucked o'er the other,
 That I damaged them the scratch of a pin
 I never could yet discover.
 I've heard that a special Providence
 Takes care of drunken men,
 But I guess while stars shine in the sky,
 The like won't happen again.

Dave's flour likely got wasted—
Hard times, that's a sad mistake;
So don't team grist on the right of way
When your wife is wanting to bake.
The Road sued Mitchell for trespass
And I reckon they won their fine,
So, if you like not lawsuits
Don't drive on the railroad line.
That's the tale of me, Rowley Tompkins,
Engineer on the C.P.R.,
And if you doubt its truth, sirs,
Down to Deloraine isn't far.

GRANNIE

WRINKLES and tan,
Where years ago
Behind her fan
Shone a roseate glow.
Belle of the ball
Was Grannie then,
Beloved by all,
Both maids and men.
But, years have flown!
In her easy chair,
Rheumatic grown .
And with silver hair,
She watches her grandchild
In the garden play
With dead leaves piled
In the waning day,
And thinks of the game
In that garden old,
When she wasn't lame,
And her hair was gold.

HER COOK

I. SHE:

YOU SAY my hair
Is a golden glory—
And you would fain tell me
Love's sweet story;
But what about
Our bill of fare?
You know I couldn't
Live on air.
How can you
For my meals arrange?
Should I be hungry
'Twould feel strange;
From water and crusts
Love flies away—
And where I am
He, too, must stay.

II. HE:

Oh, I've got gold
Hard, yellow and cold,
Which will forge a chain
Your love to hold!
You can clip his wings
And make him a cook—
Then you won't have long
For your meals to look,
With love tightly chained
And unable to fly—
To leave us—I don't see
How he could try!

Could love fly away?
Oh, fiddle-de-dee!
He never would try!
From you and me!

THE REMITTANCE MAN

AT HOME I was a gentleman;
Out here I'm stony broke,
And it's deucedly unpleasant
To wear a workman's yoke!
The cheque I was expecting
The Gov'nor didn't send,
And these dollars go so swiftly—
They're not like pounds to spend.
I haven't had my breakfast,
And my pipe, it's empty—see!
So, if you've got a five spot,
Why kindly lend it me.
Dad will cash up presently—
He always does, you know,
And a chappie cawn't go hungwy,
When it's twenty-two below.

TO MEXICO

HO! THE road away to Mexico
Has many a winding turn,
And if you are going to follow it
Surely, you will have to go
Across a dreary desert,
Where the shifting sands
Your weary feet
Will scorch and burn.

But cheer up! Cheer up! Cheerio!
For when indeed
You get to Mexico,
Where the Spanish damsels'
Big black eyes glow,
You will find—I'll you remind—
The fairest, brightest land
That I know.
If you go! If you go!
Away—'way down to Mexico.

A RHYME OF LONG AGO

WHEN wild fowl flew in millions,
Unmolested thro' the sky,
Mallards with whizzing pinions
And white swans with clanging cry;
While elk, antelope and bison
Roamed countless o'er the plain,
And from the far horizon
Came herd after herd again;
When pigeons in the summer time
Bent down big boughs to roost,
Migrating from their southern clime
When the ice bonds were unloosed
And floods came rushing wildly
Down Assiniboine and Red,
While chinooks blew full mildly
O'er brave pioneers now dead;
Then the West was El Dorado
For the creatures of the wild,
Ere by sportsman's grim tornado
Their bones in heaps were piled.

THE STAMPEDE

NOW, DID ever you see
A big herd take fright,
Scared by forked flash
Of the lightning bright?
When with clattering hoofs
And moaning bellow
They madly stampede
O'er the sunflowers yellow;
With their tails in the air,
And dull, startled eyes,
Galloping—galloping—
O'er the prairie rise?
You didn't, stranger?
Well, you missed a sight
That was worth the seeing—
Those cattle in fright
Over the prairie flowers fleeing.
I mind in eighteen hundred and eighty
Of old Texan breed,
Long-horned and scraggy,
They drove a bunch out here to feed.
And there where the trail
Down begins to fall
A heifer got startled
And began to bawl.
Sure! Of all the racket
That could deafen a man,
I just heard it then
When those cattle ran
An' piled in a heap
In that bloomin' river!
Why, even to-day
It makes me shiver!

If a painter feller
Had then been there
He'd a painted a picture
Would make you stare.
Ere Tobacco Creek
Was piled across,
Six hundred head
Had all gone to loss;
Heifer an' steer—
Hoof and horn—
A bleeding mess
In the dewy morn;
Makin' more ghastly
An' horrid a dam
Than ever thro' sluices
A jack fish swam.
An' they fed the buzzards
For many's the day,
Till the spring floods
Swept their bones away.

TWO GUN IKE

NOW Two Gun Ike
Is small, scrawny and slim,
But there's little ye'll do
To get better o' him.
He sits in his slicker
And frys his beans,
While close agin him
His broncho leans.
She nibbles his hair
And nuzzles his cheek,
While his left arm rests
On her neck so sleek.

His only sweetheart,
His dearest pet—
She never will buck
Against lean Ike, you bet.
So he's quite content
With his pony's kiss
An' never wants those
Of a dance-hall miss.
He can split a hair
At fifty feet—
So keep a smooth tongue,
For he's hard to beat.

AMERICA'S ARMY

FROM Delaware to Oregon
They gathered in their might,
And service flags waved gaily
Because they went to fight.
Forsaken were the movies,
The baseball and the dance,
When those brave boys in khaki
Sailed off to fight in France,
Leaving sweethearts and mothers
To fight oppression,
And from North, South, East and West,
At America's behest,
Went bravely o'er the sea
To fight for Freedom!

Tall Minnesota lumber-jacks,
Threw axes down to come.
In Californian orchards
Was heard the beaten drum.

The cowboy left his saddle,
The weaver left his loom,
For spirits of their fathers
Arose then from the tomb,
Softly calling them to go
And fight an evil.
And from North, South, East and West,
At America's behest,
They went across the sea
To fight for Freedom!

THE WILD GEESE

WHERE are they going—
These wide winged birds,
Traversing swiftly the azure blue
High over the ranchman's grazing herds—
With Cach-Cach! Kek-Kek-!
And Honk-o-Honk!
Or ever the grass is green in hue?
Up to the North they drift away,
To where the white bears prowl—
While cliffs resound, both night and day,
With the cries of wild sea fowl.
Gliding along in their V-shaped hook,
Saying stern winter has flown,
They go on the breath of warm Chinook
To nest in the Arctic zone;
Flying from banks of warm lagoon
Where white pond lilies blow,
Passing all night in the gleam of the moon
To the realms of eternal snow.

LAUGH AS YOU GO

YOU'LL be happier smiling than fretting,
And will make more by giving than getting;
Your merchandise sold
May pay in bright gold,
But the things that you give away free,
Will bring you for ever,
Through loving endeavor,
Much more than the gold, don't you see!

You'll be better off laughing and lending
Than if over a hoard you were bending.
The man who in greed
Ne'er helps out in need,
Why—he never can laugh at a loss!
The money we measure,
When given—is treasure—
But saved up, it turns into dross.

THE MIND OF THE RHYME FIEND

With Apologies to a Poet.

VEX NOT thou my careless mind
With criticism so unkind.
Woven just as impulse bids—
Sometimes—just to please the kids!
This one measures—that one don't—
Can't write poetry, and I won't!
If you dislike 'em, say so, Bill!
Most o' rhymesters needs a pill!
It won't hurt my feelin's any
If none you like, among so many.

This ain't poetry—it's just *Dope*—
Written so my chum won't mope;
He'll turn 'em over and he'll laugh—
But then *He* don't know wheat from chaff.
Oh, no! There ain't no cuss words here.
He swears enough!—about near beer!

MY SOLDIER'S EYES

HE SAILED away with smiling face,
His brave eyes blue and bright,
And into the trench he led his men
To fight for Belgium's right.
But those eyes went out in wild assault,
Crushed in the gangrene earth;
He died—for you and your country,
Away from the land of his birth.
The bursting shell embraced him
In the thick of the hellish fray;
'Mid the roar of fierce bombardment
His atoms were carried away.
Yet ever those eyes—I see them,
Two blazing stars of blue—
And his spirit stands beside me
As his sweet self used to do.

HOMELAND

O FAIR, bright land,
The glory of the West,
Our loving hearts
Regard you as the best.
We see your blue
Delightful skies,
Clear as a maiden's eyes,
And watch and wait,
Dear Canada,
A foeman's rash surprise.

Forest, meadow,
Lake, and lofty mountain,
Deep green valley,
Brightly springing fountain,
Combine to make
A country fair—
Our Canada, whose air
Is life to us,
Her children true,
And none with her compare.

Refrain:

O fair, bright land,
Our western land,
Adopted sons—
Or home-born it may be—
From sea to sea,
From East to West,
We, thy children, love thee best.
Dear Canada! Fair Canada!
While your summer breezes blow,
Or your winter snow flakes fall,
You are our own—The fairest land—
Our Homeland over all.
Fair Land! Bright Land! Homeland
over all!

Our Home-Land Over All!

A CANADIAN SONG FOR CANADIAN PEOPLE

Words by
CECIL E. SELWYN
Maestoso

Music by
ARTHUR A. PENN

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, marked 'Maestoso'. The tempo is then changed to 'Moderato' for the vocal entry. The lyrics are in English and describe the beauty of Canada. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'mp' (mezzo-piano) and 'cresc' (crescendo). The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the melody. The lyrics are as follows:

O fair, bright land, the glo - ry of the
For - est, mea - dow, Lake and loft - y moun -

tain, Our lov - ing hearts, Re - gard you as the
Deep green val - ley, Bright - ly sprung - ing foun -

tain, We see your blue, de - light - ful skies Clear as a maid - en's eyes, And
Com - bine to make a coun - try fair, Our Can - a - da, whose air Is

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trill

watch and wail, Dear Can - a - da, A foe - man's rash sur - prise
 till to us, Her child - ren true, And none with her com - pare.

rull

CHORUS *Tempo di Marcia*

O fair bright land, Our west - ern land,

A - dopt - ed sons or home-born, it may be;

From _____ sea to sea, from _____ East to West,

We thy child-ren love thee best, Dear Can - a - dal Fair Can - a - dal

While your sum-mer breez-es blow, Or your win-ter snow-flakes fall,

You are our own, The fair-est land, Our Home-land ov-er all

Fair land, Bright land, Homeland ov-er all

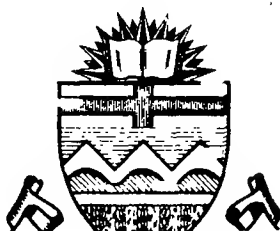
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